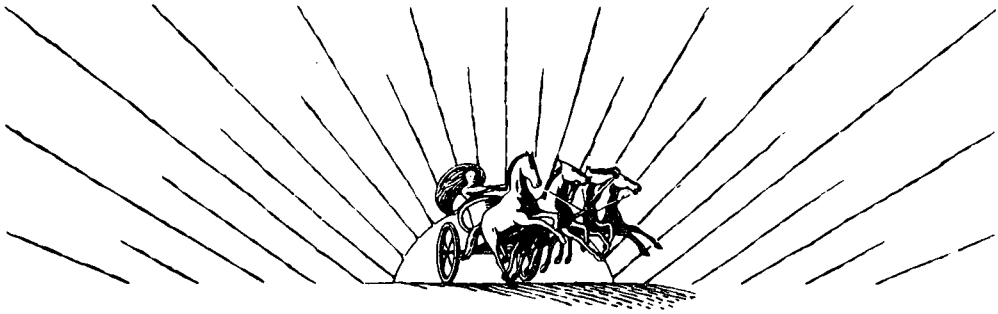

THE LIVING AGE

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

April 17, 1926

WILSON'S GRAY CARDINAL. Account for the importance attached by the English reviewers to Colonel House's *Intimate Papers*. Do you agree with the judgment of these writers as to the effectiveness of his work in Europe during the War? Explain: (1) 'a "diminisher," like Saint-Simon;' (2) 'a disputed personality like Jefferson.' What conclusions could you draw from the facts here revealed as to the power of single individuals in international affairs?

FASCISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. What is the novel element in Fascist theory according to its expounders? Summarize the account given of the Syndicates Law, the Podesta Law, the Prefects Law, and the Prime Minister Law. Expand the reference to Machiavelli. Identify: Alfredo Rocco, Benni, Rossoni. Criticize the Fascist formula: 'The individual for Society.'

'THE ABODE OF PEACE.' In what sense might the colony of Shantiniketan remind an observer of Plato's theories of education? Explain: 'metaphysical subtleties that out-Hegel Hegel.'

NEW TYPES OF ENGLISH FICTION. Define the main tendencies of contemporary English fiction. How far may these novelists be compared with the Russians, and how far distinguished from them? How many of the writers mentioned are already known to you?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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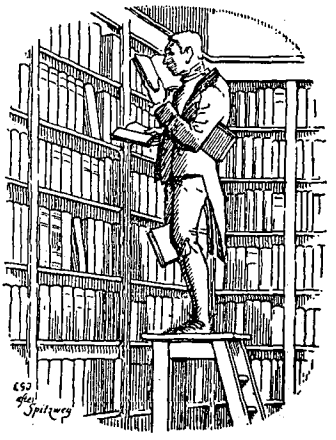

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NEXT WEEK

PLAIN TALES FROM SYRIA *By People on the Spot*

How real is the 'calm' that according to the newspapers now prevails in the most troublesome of the French mandates? According to an English and an American correspondent, Syria can be said to be tranquil only in a Pickwickian sense.

WHY GERMANY IS NATIONALIST *By Colonel Lebaud, Retired*

Charges enough have come out of Germany that the French occupation of the Rhineland has not been entirely above criticism. In this article from a French weekly the officer who was second in command of the French garrison at Kaiserslautern confirms this opinion.

A PRETORIA HOLIDAY *By C. Z. Klötzel*

Last fall the Boers of the Transvaal celebrated the centenary of Oom Paul Kruger's birth. A German traveling correspondent describes the ceremonies, the unveiling of a statue to the Boer president, and one or two of the distinguished personalities present — including General Smuts.

TOLSTOI AND TURGENEV *Extracts from Correspondence*

It has long been known that the two greatest Russian writers of their generation were not compatible temperaments, and indeed clashed violently on more than one occasion. Recently discovered letters by both make it now possible to tell the consecutive story of their checkered relations.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *APRIL 17, 1926* — NO. 4267

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S ALL-SUMMER SESSION

EUROPE apparently faces another summer of debate upon the League and its constitution. The fact that this should be so after seven years' discussion of the same question testifies to the vitality of the subject. After all, the period is not much longer than that required by the American Colonies after they won their independence to settle upon some form of permanent coöperation; and, despite the obvious fundamental differences in the two situations, they present many analogies. The inconclusive meetings at Geneva last month may prove to be the most fruitful in their ultimate outcome of any that have hitherto been held. Out of the overwhelming mass of material regarding them that has filled the European press without distinction of country or party, a few definite facts emerge. The first is that the League is taken seriously and that no member really contemplates throwing it over. That might be done in a pettish moment by the temperamental and irresponsible government of a country where it is the habit of officials to resign, of political parties to boycott the polls, and of sportsmen to withdraw from competitions, the moment the umpire, or whosoever is enforcing the rules of the game, decides against them. But this is not the usual spirit of the great Powers who guard the world's peace.

Another important fact is that the Locarno Agreement stands, and that the three Great Powers of Western Europe — Great Britain, France, and Germany — came away from Geneva with their good relations unimpaired. To be sure, it was directly charged in the British and the German press that Briand, in his desire to make political capital at home, and Austen Chamberlain, in his eagerness to oblige Briand regardless of political sentiment at home, were originally responsible for Poland's claiming a permanent Council seat, which was the beginning of the impasse. Even so sturdy a defender of France and French policies — whenever they are not incompatible with his fundamental British Liberalism — as Sisley Huddleston, wrote that Briand would be a much greater man if he were not quite so clever. 'Not content with the Pact, not content with the admission

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of Germany into the League, he reverted to the perilous system of seeking extra-diplomatic advantages for France.' England's *amour propre* was stung by the idea that Sir Austen Chamberlain had become M. Briand's tool — a feeling voiced by the Tory *Saturday Review*, a doughty defender of the present Government, in the caustic remark that things had come to a pass at Geneva where 'England expects every Swede to do his duty.'

Naturally the German press interpreted events in this light. *Tägliche Rundschau*, Herr Stresemann's own organ, declared: 'Brazil's veto of Germany's admission was the immediate cause of the unfortunate failure at Geneva. But the ultimate reason was Franco-Polish policy, which was supported by the English Foreign Minister, Chamberlain, with a zeal worthy of a better cause.' *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, a Nationalist paper, said of Briand: 'Perhaps he did not seek such a rupture, and the spirits he evoked were possibly in the end stronger than himself. But he is, nevertheless, the principal culprit in this huge intrigue.' Upon the whole, however, the German press, with the exception of organs of the extremists on the Right and Left, took the outcome in fairly good spirit, supported by a feeling that their country had gained rather than lost prestige from the episode. The Liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung* said: 'Serious statesmen are not deceived by these dramatic interplays of diplomacy. Such men follow the deeper currents of public opinion which give their true strength to national policies, and perceive that, in spite of all these follies and intrigues, the real interests of the people are asserting themselves.' Although one diplomat remarked that the Locarno Accord had been 'put in cold storage' until September, the cordial references to Germany in M. Briand's concluding address, where he declared that Germany was already 'morally a member of the League,' which were so promptly seconded by Austen Chamberlain, and the obvious sincerity of their dismay over the complications that had arisen, took the sting out of any mutual recriminations that may have been heard from behind the firing line.

French papers, after a sort of whirlwind attack on Germany as the cause of it all during the early stages of the negotiations, suddenly shifted their attitude. Even the intransigent *Journal des Débats* admitted that 'for the moment all the actors at Geneva have blemished their reputations more or less by the proof to which they have imprudently exposed themselves.' *Le Temps*, which was particularly indignant for a time because Germany raised any objection to giving Poland a seat on the Council, ended by protesting against the disposition of the English and North European press to blame France for all the obstacles encountered, and recited the roll of that country's admirable services to the League. It pointed out that the adjournment was not taken because it was impossible to reconcile the views of France and Germany, but because the delegates recognized that it would take more time than could be given there to overcome the difficulties attending any revision of the League statutes; and it expressed the hope, by implication at least, that the outcome would not have such an effect upon public opinion in Germany as to force the Berlin Cabinet to withdraw its application for membership.

Italy, which to judge from its press must be having a Nationalist brainstorm, is probably the only important country where there was more or less real rejoicing over the breakdown. Her cool attitude toward the League is of long standing, and can be explained on several grounds: the bad taste that

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anything associated with President Wilson has in the mouth of her politicians; unpleasant memories of the Corfu episode; a feeling that France and England dominate that body; and two immediate causes of resentment — the fear that Germany, once in the League, will work for union with Austria and intermeddle in South Tyrol, and jealousy lest Germany be given a colonial mandate. In fact, the return of some of Germany's former African colonies under that form is generally supposed to be contemplated, with the assent of both Great Britain and France — and probably at Great Britain's cost. Italy, however, thinks that if the African pie is to be cut again she should have the first piece.

Popolo d'Italia, Mussolini's personal organ, declared that the Italian Premier himself was responsible for the Geneva failure. 'Assuming as they usually do that the League belongs to them, Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand thought they could promise Germany a seat in its behalf. But when they reached Geneva they found that Brazil intended to have a say in the matter, and was forced to adopt the Italian proposal to adjourn until September.' This paper praised Brazil's 'firm, unwavering attitude,' and jubilantly exclaimed: 'The League proves the paralysis that follows democratic methods. It is due to Signor Mussolini's prompt action that the curtain is rung down on this absurd farce.' *Tevere*, another Fascist paper, was equally self-complacent over the wrecking of the negotiations, and told its readers: 'Light comes from Rome, not from the city of Calvin. Italy, alone among the great nations, and thanks to Fascism, has long since abandoned all utopian ideas of peace. Peace can result only from a balance of warring forces, not from pseudo-evangelical preaching. Only thus can European nations renew their vitality, and the best among them take the place of the decadent.'

La Tribuna, in an hysterical outburst two columns long, entitled 'Wilson, or The International Lie,' likewise vaticinated the fall of the whole Geneva structure, 'because it is founded on an international lie set up as an institution by Wilson at Versailles, which has since then had its doctrinal and devotional centre at Geneva.' It thus rehearsed the episodes of what it interpreted as the recent carnival of falsehood at that city: 'Poland swore that she was not animated by hostility to Germany in obstinately insisting on a Council seat, but simply by the desire to assist to better advantage, and more in accord with her population and political position, in the consolidation of peace. France professed to be equally disinterested in supporting and encouraging — if she did not suggest — this generous aspiration. . . . Germany, on the other hand, was cruelly surprised. In her simple-minded honesty, she had never considered for a moment that upon entering the Geneva Council she would be in position to revive the question of the Danzig Corridor or of Upper Silesia, to manœuvre a union with Austria, or to set herself up as a guardian of the oppressed national minorities. Still bedewed with the mystic unction of Locarno, she went to Geneva, with her arms and her heart loyally open, to labor shoulder to shoulder with her former enemies in the peaceful restoration of the world.' And this ironical rhapsody concludes that 'from beyond the Zuider Zee Batavian and Scandinavian preachers came, as they do every year, with their ruddy cheeks, their flaxen hair, and their round, blue, baby eyes, filled with fanaticism, to carry to the shores of Lake Leman their apocalyptic plans for the forcible redemption of the

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human race, their hearts bleeding and their eyes moist with sympathy for their cousin nation, Germany, the unhappy victim of the armed peace of the Latin world.'

It should be borne in mind, however, that the real cause of the postponement was Brazil's insistence upon a permanent seat in the Council. Had the League been a purely European institution, a compromise would have been reached reasonably satisfactory to all countries. Moreover, Brazil has long asserted her right to a permanent seat as the largest nation in the Western Hemisphere represented in the League. She vetoed Spain's application for a permanent seat four years ago on that ground, and we are told that she notified Germany before the present session of the Council that she would adopt the same attitude on this occasion. Considerations of domestic politics, such as played a part in our own refusal to join the League, also governed her action. For a Presidential campaign is under way in that country, and the Party in power could make no concessions without losing votes. Senhor de Mello-Franco, the head of the Brazilian delegation at Geneva, said in defending his country's attitude: 'It 's very strange that Europe should feel called upon to teach us how to keep peace. Perfect peace has prevailed in the continent I represent for more than a generation without any League of Nations. Can Europe say as much?' But his country's action was not approved by the majority of the Latin-American States. In fact, two thirds of them were dead against it and indignantly rejected Brazil's right, as a Portuguese-speaking country, to represent the Spanish-speaking nations of the New World.

The British press was bitter in its denunciations. *The Nation and the Athenæum* believed Brazil should lose her temporary place upon the Council as a justifiable rebuke for her conduct. Naturally there were suspicions that Brazil was egged on by some other Power. These pointed toward Italy for a time, but that country officially denied giving Brazil any encouragement, and protested that her relations with the Rio de Janeiro Government were somewhat strained on account of the latter's treatment of Italian immigrants. Cautious hints were even advanced to the effect that Washington had inspired Brazil's obduracy. The *Spectator* questioned whether the Latin races had yet risen 'to the plane on which alone the League must live — witness the line taken by Spain toward Sweden.' The *Outlook* predicted that Brazil would probably withdraw from the League, and thought that the Geneva body would soon become 'a League of Old World nations,' thus confirming the *New Statesman's* opinion in regard to all South American States: 'It may well be that the League would be the stronger for their absence. They are young and they are irresponsible; they can fight among themselves as much as they like without disturbing the peace of the world; and, as long as the Monroe Doctrine holds and the United States refuses to join the League, we cannot interfere with them, nor they with us. . . . They know nothing and care nothing about the crucial problems of Europe. It might be a real gain to the League if they should all resign from it — pending the participation of the United States, which for the present, at any rate, is unlikely.'

Gilbert Murray, in a letter to the *Times*, pointed out that when the elections for a new Council come around in September the whole League will have an opportunity of voting. 'A member of the Council who has abused his power will certainly not be reëlected.

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That is as it should be, and, incidentally, it is the one ray of light in the present troubles. What a state the League would be in if Brazil and all the other claimants had been permanent and irremovable, and each armed with a veto!'

Incidentally, it was forcibly brought to the attention of member States that have been inclined to defy the League's authority that their past record counts against them in that body. Poland's defiance of the League's decision in respect to Vilna was an effective argument against giving her a Council seat, while Sweden's acceptance of the Aaland Islands decision in her controversy with Finland appreciably increased her moral weight at Geneva.

Pending the meeting of the Assembly next September, the Council has appointed a commission to submit to that body a plan for its own reorganization. This commission consists of the present ten League Councilors with representatives from five additional States, two of which are non-members. These are Germany, which has not yet joined, Argentina, which has resigned, China, Poland, and Switzerland.

ISOLATIONISTS OR IRRITATIONISTS?

THIS caption appeared at the head of a *Westminster Gazette* leader when, in the very midst of Europe's aghastness at the Geneva failure, dispatches arrived from Washington summarizing what purported to be Ambassador Houghton's pessimistic account of the European situation to President Coolidge, and Senator Borah's resolution upon contraband claims against the British Government. It might as well be frankly confessed that on the other side of the Atlantic the United States is perhaps the least popular country in the world — probably running a close second to Soviet Russia. Most of the official friendliness toward us there is in Great Britain and Germany, and that is not particularly cordial or abundantly backed by public sentiment. Naturally, therefore, these two incidents, occurring as they did at the very moment when diplomatic nerves were in a state of acute tension, were most untimely.

Senator Borah's resolution, while it affected primarily Great Britain, was promptly seized upon by the Continental press for an attack upon our Government. A former French Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs characterized our claims as 'monstrous,' and declared that any attempt to extend that precedent to France would be promptly and decisively rebuffed. The London *Saturday Review* declared that 'British opinion will neither tolerate consideration of his (Senator Borah's) demands nor allow Anglo-American unity to be disturbed by his amazing proposal.' Several papers pointed out that, if America suffered losses from the seizure of her vessels carrying contraband during the early part of the war, she became a sort of accomplice after the fact by herself repeating the same procedures subsequently, and would logically expose herself to heavy claims from Scandinavia and the other neutrals parallel to those she contemplated pressing against Great Britain. French papers argued that our own country profited as a belligerent from every measure taken against the enemy countries during the earlier stages of hostilities, and that these benefits offset any bills we might present against our later associates in the war. Furthermore, it was promptly recalled that during the Civil War, and likewise after we were engaged in the World War, our Government was, if anything, more exigent in its interpretation of the rules of contraband and blockade than was Great Britain.

Mr. Houghton's report was chiefly resented, we suspect, because it seemed

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to spell a curtailment of American financial assistance to Europe. *Nouveau Siècle* said it was typical of America's present mentality, and that Americans, 'intoxicated with the dollars that fill their coffers, imagine that the world belongs to them.' *Figaro*, which rather sedulously cultivates Franco-American amity, hastened to characterize the report, upon the strength of the version received at Paris, as the 'most hostile and perfidious testimony' ever given by a responsible American diplomatist against France. These ebullitions subsided upon the receipt of reassuring advices from Washington, though not without bitter after-comment upon the sensationalism said to characterize our diplomatic news service, with indirect allusions to our tumultuous Mexican negotiations as an example nearer home. Indeed, one French paper predicted that, if the good relations of Europe and America were thus put to the test too often, 'the rift will some day become an open rupture.'

✠

MINOR NOTES

EVER since the Dayton trial the European press has exhibited a revived interest in the Christendom-wide conflict — and we might perhaps include the world of Islam in the generalization — between Fundamentalism and Modernism. The *Outlook* cautions its readers that 'we in Europe must not feel too superior to the Americans. We have our own literal interpreters of the Bible. In "civilized" Holland only the other day a pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church was suspended by the General Synod because in a sermon he expressed doubts as to whether the serpent had actually spoken to Eve as represented in Genesis.'

THE FRENCH DEPUTY'S HOME-COMING

FRIEND WIFE. 'Footpads?'
DEPUTY. 'No; constituents.'
— *L'Écho de Paris*

THE ROYAL PROPERTY REFERENDUM

Drag the crowned vampire off the German people!
— *Vorwärts*, Berlin

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WILSON'S GRAY CARDINAL[1]

BRITISH REVIEWS OF THE HOUSE MEMOIRS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS AND J. L. GARVIN

I

THESE volumes are the record of a career unique in America, and not easily paralleled anywhere. They trace the steps by which a Texan of no particular wealth or prominence became, first, the unseen dictator of the politics of his State, then the confidential adviser of a President of the United States on all matters of domestic and foreign policy, and finally the unofficial but extremely representative envoy from Washington to the Governments of Europe during the war. Forty-odd years are covered by the narrative, and in the whole of that time Colonel House has never held an office, never made a public speech, never willingly stepped an inch beyond the obscurity that he prefers for his own comfort and the efficiency of his work.

Inevitably his countrymen have labeled him a man of mystery. But his personality as it emerges from these pages is not mysterious at all. It is singular, it is interesting, but it is neither secretive nor elusive. Born to independent means, he happened to make a hobby of politics and travel. The 'governing of men' and all the complex factors that enter into it took an early and passionate hold of him. But he has run his hobby, not to advertise himself or to become a public and recognized power, but to produce results and let others get the credit for them. From youth he seems to have had, not only an enthusiasm for good government, but the perseverance and the insight to become a master of the arts of getting it.

'The path which House laid out for himself,' says Professor Seymour, the editor of his papers, 'was entirely untrodden, and it is fruitless to seek an historical parallel. Monarchs had shared their secrets with father confessors and extracted wisdom from their advice; presidents had created their kitchen cabinets. But neither the one nor the other suggests the unofficial functions which House exercised. He was a combination of Richelieu's Father Joseph and Thurlow Weed, but he was very much more. At the same time that he played the part of adviser to the President, of buffer between office-seekers and Cabinet, of emissary to foreign courts, he indulged in a complex of activities that kept him in close touch with business men, local politicians, artists and journalists, lawyers and college professors. His intimacy with European statesmen was as close and his friend-

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *March* 7, and the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *March* 7

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ship as warm as the personal associations he created at home. Long after the war, when their political relations had become ancient history, he visited Grey and Plunkett, Clemenceau and Paderewski. Long after the Democrats lost power in the United States, the officials of Great Britain, France, and Germany sought his advice. His range of contacts was so great that he became a sort of clearing house for all who desired to accomplish something.

But to play the rôle of the invisible right-hand man, to be the counselor and the manipulator behind the scenes, much more is needed than honesty. The other qualities that have enabled Colonel House to become a power in local, national, and international politics show themselves one by one in these enthralling pages. He has an extraordinarily quick feeling for atmosphere and the play of events. As a diagnostician of public opinion in his own country I should place him in a class by himself. He has that proleptic sense of how things will strike people in the mass that you sometimes find in journalists of the first order. But in Colonel House it is united with the gift, first, of originating the move or the policy, secondly, of planning the ways and means of its execution, and, thirdly, of judging to a turn and in advance its political reactions.

In these two volumes of his intimate papers one sees him at work on his chosen hobby, — 'the governing of men,' — from those early days in Texas when he was the hidden hand in State politics, through the great stir of events that brought Mr. Wilson to the White House with the Colonel as the chief of his secret Cabinet, and onward through the first brilliant year of his presidency, the troubles in Mexico, and the engulfing catastrophe of the European War. One sees him selecting governors, laying down plans of campaign, suggesting policies and working them up — Colonel House leaves nothing to chance — into practicable measures, advising on cabinet appointments, staving off friction, taking soundings in South American and European politics, acting as the eyes and ears of the President at home and abroad, negotiating with the statesmen and rulers of the belligerent Powers.

They are all set down in these two volumes with a frankness that sometimes startles. Colonel House saw more of the inside of the war, and from more angles, than any other man in the world, and his day-to-day diary, and his confidential letters to the President, have a human and an historical value and interest that hold one, or, at any rate, have held me, from the first page to the last. Compared with any other American of the war period — or with any except Mr. Page — he shows up as a real statesman, even though some of the forces that brought his peace missions and his diplomacy to a seemingly fruitless end were forces that he never quite succeeded in gauging correctly. The European situation in 1915 and 1916 had got beyond the control of any negotiator, even one so trusted and resourceful and reasonable as himself.

As a matter of fact, I cannot away with the impression that Colonel House's incursions into European politics frequently took him beyond his depth. In America, in all senses, he was far more at home. The work that he did in Texas, in promoting Mr. Wilson's candidature, in helping to eliminate Mr. Bryan, in suggesting the right tactics at the nominating convention, in choosing the Cabinet, and in supervising much of the spade-work connected with the President's legislative programme, was thoroughly sound. There the environment was familiar

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and the problems easier, and the services that Colonel House was able to render to Mr. Wilson were of the most genuine value. But it is worth noting that when he ventured into the more perilous field of foreign affairs, even though they were affairs confined to the American hemisphere, his success was not invariable. His proposed pact between all the American republics lapsed into nothing, and he was never able to steer the Administration's Mexican policy along practical lines.

What he undertook to do in Europe before and after the war was naturally ten times more difficult. These volumes detail his interesting but abortive effort to bring France and Germany and Great Britain to some sort of understanding before the war. Colonel House had a premonition of the coming catastrophe, and he felt that America could not disinterest herself. But the story of his visit to the Kaiser and of his talks with Sir Edward Grey and of his scheme for warding off the danger has in it a decided note of amateurishness, and this in spite of the fact that he saw the situation clearly enough and could weigh most of the ponderable factors. It was the tangled background behind the present and the color it had given to everything that sometimes eluded him. But inevitably when the war came President Wilson turned to Colonel House as the man best qualified to report upon the position and to suggest the lines of policy. There is much that is new in these revelations of his visit in 1915 and his conferences with the statesmen of the three leading belligerent Powers. Among other things, Colonel House appears as the author of the phrase 'the freedom of the seas,' and as recommending the policy it embodied to the British Government. It was not a fortunate recommendation. It had the defect that the Colonel rarely showed in his purely American activities — it was inopportune and jarring.

The far more determined effort that he made in the following year to induce the belligerents to come to terms forms a series of vivid chapters in these volumes. Most Englishmen, I imagine, will be surprised to discover how much countenance and encouragement he received from the heads of the British Cabinet. It amounted almost to over-encouragement; it gave Colonel House a mistaken estimate of the possibilities of success. The passions of ten years ago have died away by now, but there is still something cold-blooded in the spectacle of Colonel House cajoling and threatening the belligerents alternately, trying to induce peace by showing each side in turn that further obstinacy in the matter might provoke American intervention. Europe was a shambles, and he was treating it as a chessboard. It was none of his business, of course, to see red, but he could not easily enter into the feelings of those who were seeing not merely red but crimson. I doubt whether he ever realized that the ministers and rulers with whom he parleyed were mere straws on the surging torrent of national passion. The Colonel, I fear, would have been given short shrift had the peoples whose capitals he visited and whose officials he interviewed known the purpose of his comings and goings. The sane, collected neutral pointing out — quite unanswerably — the folly of the whole proceeding and explaining how easily matters could be adjusted if only everyone would be as sane and collected as himself would scarcely, in 1916, have been a popular figure in any of the warring lands.

Moreover, his diplomacy was vitiated by the incurable skepticism of President Wilson's capacity for action that obtained everywhere in Europe. All that Colonel House could promise was

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that if the President called a conference of the belligerents, and if Germany refused while the Allies agreed to accept it, then the United States would 'probably' enter the war against Germany. Again, if the conference were summoned, and if all the belligerents attended it, and if it failed to secure peace, and if Germany were 'unreasonable,' then also the same simulacrum of a result would be produced — that is to say, the United States would 'probably' leave the conference as a fighter on the side of the Allies. Not a very firm offer, that. A man much less agile-minded than Mr. Wilson, much less of a casuist, and much less given to talking rather than doing, would have seen at once that it committed him to nothing and imposed no obligations that he could not have dodged. And when one remembers that a year later, and after infinite provocation, the President had almost to be kicked into the war, it does not seem likely that in March 1916 he would gratuitously have wriggled into it by any such roundabout route.

II

'Father Joseph was no fool, and the Cardinal never took a step without him.' Thus Tallemant in his delightful repertory of biographical impertinences. Since Richelieu's great agent in wars and negotiations, nearly three hundred years ago, there has been nothing in history like the case of the quiet little man from Texas. He became one of the chief personages in Europe as well as in America, and used his potent influence over President Wilson to change the fortunes of the world. But for Colonel House, America might never have entered the war. But for him there might have been no League of Nations, and no abrupt termination of Britain's old independent sovereignty of the seas. Could he have held his principal to the end, there might have been a better peace and a happier sequel. That large speculation is another story to be told in future volumes. The record breaks off with America's plunge into the struggle amid unrestricted submarine-warfare.

In everything but name these volumes are Colonel House's personal memoirs, and they make an extraordinary book certain to keep for always an outstanding place in the endless archives of the war. We are not thinking only of the political confessions, though these disclose the most secret passages of diplomacy and the most private of personal intercourse. The thing is equally extraordinary as a human document. On that side, none but an American can criticize it with sufficient freedom. The controversy unchained in the United States must be left to work for the increase of our knowledge. On the whole, Colonel House is what students of history know as a 'diminisher,' like Saint-Simon. Devoted to President Wilson, he somehow lessens more and more the figure of his hero. An admirer of Lord Grey, he rather tends to reduce the estimate of that statesman. He sees the faults of Mr. Lloyd George much better than the qualities. All Europe of the mighty efforts and sacrifices, the passions and the agonies, appears smaller and more sinful than in fact it was. This only increases the interest. Every confession and disclosure raises a new psychological enigma. We are left wondering deeply what was the inmost truth about Woodrow Wilson and about Colonel House himself.

The personal story beggars fiction; no novelist would have dared to imagine it. It is the tale of a sudden Monte Cristo, not of money, but of power. 'We originally came from

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Holland, and the name was Huis, which finally fell into House.' Born in Texas before the Civil War, the Colonel — never seeking office for himself, and so managing more easily those who did — became the most skillful manipulator of political organization that Texas has known. He owns to a boundless extent of honorable ambition. These chapters on the earlier background are full of color and vivacity. Aspiring, next, to play the same decisive part in the Republic as he had won in the affairs of his native State, and to make a president as he had made governors, Colonel House looks about keenly for a possible national leader. He considers several politicians, and, for one reason or another, 'wipes them off his slate.' He presently fixes on Woodrow Wilson, the vigorous reforming Governor of New Jersey, whom he as yet does not know. One afternoon late in November 1911, at the Hotel Gotham in New York, the two men meet face to face. A memorable moment. Physical and mental opposites as they seem, there is an instant affinity. They feel in a few weeks as though they had known each other all their lives. A year later, triumphing over the divided Republicans, Woodrow Wilson becomes President of the United States.

And the President's other self, Colonel House, becomes at least the second most powerful man in America, though occupying a position unknown to the Constitution, and such as would have filled the fathers with bewilderment. He is sometimes the real prime mover. He suggests and advises at every turn. He is co-maker of cabinet ministers and ambassadors. Often they can reach the President's mind only through him. His private correspondence has more weight than dispatches passed through the State Department. Above all, he becomes informally the real Foreign Minister of the United States. He ultimately attains higher power than Father Joseph ever held at the height of Richelieu's régime, and like that *éminence grise* he dreams of universal peace. The world by now might have enjoyed some better security for universal peace but for one thing. There is always some drawback in the most brilliant of human situations. Colonel House soon finds that his chief, though foremost in moral impressiveness and measured eloquence, is not what Richelieu was, what Roosevelt might have been in Wilson's place — a supreme man of action. The President was far from being all that a period of terror and catastrophe required.

The Great War is imminently threatened. Hoping to prevent its outbreak and to bring the armed Powers to a lasting compromise under the auspices of the United States, the President's other self begins his famous visits to Europe. He has the privilege of equal intercourse with both the hostile camps. From this point the narrative sweeps forward chapter after chapter with resistless interest. The book is crowded with interviews and letters throwing light upon the inmost workings of Western Europe. In London, Colonel House meets nearly everybody who matters, and he builds his hopes on Lord Grey, whose mingling of true human idealism with a practical determination to keep his feet on solid ground, while he studies the stars, the sanguine and acute American never quite completely understands. In Berlin, Colonel House sees most persons who matter, from the Kaiser and Tirpitz downward. A month before the assassination of the Archduke, Germany gives him the picture of 'militarism run stark mad.' But he is a candid critic of England's 'navalism,' and thinks that limits should be set to

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British sea-power. A few weeks before the conflict he writes to Wilson: 'The best chance for peace is an understanding between England and Germany in regard to naval armaments, and yet there is some disadvantage to us by these two getting too close.'

Many passages clamor for quotation, but space forbids. The war breaks out. Colonel House works for mediation in 1915 and again in the early part of 1916. He works in vain. The 'freedom of the seas' is ably urged, but there is no corresponding clearness about the freedom of the land. The idea was that if Germany refused the terms the United States would 'probably' become a belligerent on the side of the Allies a year before America actually declared herself an associate at war.

But President Wilson would not go beyond 'probably.' He could not be brought at this time to give an absolutely definite guaranty in the sense of Colonel House's desires. Without that security the Allies could take no perilous chances. They had to do what they judged best for their own cause in their fight of life and death. Had the Hohenzollern-Hapsburg systems and their military machines remained unbroken, the peace could have been only a truce. The renewal of war would have been quite certain, and the prospects of Europe would have been much darker than they are now. Colonel House, after all, never was a principal known to the American Constitution. His own signature never had binding validity. He was not the President, and still less was he the Senate.

The last two chapters are the strangest. President Wilson is reëlected for a second term. In that hour of exaltation, almost of apotheosis, he begins the fatal mistakes. He infuriates the Republicans, who number at least half the citizens of the United States. He feels more independent of House, and their relations become slightly chilled. That is, apparently, because the Colonel is for war. The President never was more obstinately against it than he seemed a few weeks before he was drawn into it. In the final picture of these volumes Wilson is no superman, but depressed, uncertain — nervous under mental stress, though untouched by timidity. Toward the end of March 'House found the President at last decided that there was no escape from war. He had fought with himself night after night in the hope of seeing some other way out. "What else can I do?" said Wilson. "Is there anything else I can do?"' There was nothing else. But the United States at war was not ready. It was Colonel House's conviction that, if the President in previous years had insisted on armed preparation for the worst emergency, America might have imposed an earlier peace on both groups of belligerents without firing a shot.

More than two years before, Colonel House had written of his hero: 'He "dodges trouble." Let me put up something to him that is disagreeable, and I have great difficulty in getting him to meet it. . . . His prejudices are many and often unjust.' Page's great heart was well-nigh broken. His long, generous-minded, prophetic letters were largely unread. Mr. Gerard's shorter letters from Berlin were equally prophetic, but of no more effect. Colonel House with the best meaning had reduced the normal importance of both these ambassadors, yet could not prevail with the President in time to create a prepared America whose intervention would be almost immediately decisive both for war and for peace.

This book leaves Wilson a disputed personality like Jefferson, and his life will be as often rewritten from different points of view.

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FASCISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE[1]

FASCIST REFORMS IN ITALY

THE speech delivered at Perugia by Signor Alfredo Rocco, the Italian Minister of Justice, last August, has a special importance in relation to the Fascist movement. Signor Mussolini, indeed, defined it as a 'fundamental speech,' one that contains 'the essence of the Party's policy, and the reasons why Fascism must combat all other Parties, following the most decisive, rational, and systematically intransigent methods.' To understand the ideas that underlie the constitutional system of government that Fascism is building up in Italy, it is therefore necessary to go back to this pronouncement.

Modern political thought, Signor Rocco pointed out, had until yesterday been completely dominated, both inside and outside Italy, by doctrines that owe their origin to the Reformation, their development to the philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and their sacrosanct character to the English, American, and French revolutions: the same which, under a variety of forms, sometimes differing widely from each other, colored all the political and social theories of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries down to the birth of Fascism. These doctrines were all based on an individualistic and mechanical conception of society and the State. Society is only a number of individuals; its aims are therefore only the aims of these individuals. Society lives for the units of which it is composed, and the well-being and happiness of these units were, by general consent, defined as its goal.

The different schools differed purely and simply over methods. Liberalism, for example, held that the best way of realizing the happiness of the individual was to leave him alone as much as possible, and that the State's task was so to arrange things that everyone should be free without getting in the way of his neighbor's freedom. This regulative function, it insisted, must not be departed from, and nobody's liberty should be curtailed to a greater extent than was strictly necessary. To prevent ministers from abusing their powers, Liberalism hedged them round with a system of controls and checks. The principle of the division of powers was devised as a way of weakening the State as opposed to the individual. It was thus prevented from showing itself in its relations with him in the fullness of its sovereign authority. The individual citizen too was given a share in the legislative function, and so enabled to exercise a direct control over the most important of the powers of the State and an indirect one over government generally. In this system Liberalism was careful to entrust the function of control only to citizens of proved character and capacity. But in this moderation it was illogical, for, if the State exists for all the individuals who compose it, all these individuals must clearly take part in the government and not merely a small minority of them.

[1] From the *Round Table* (London Liberal-Imperial quarterly), *March*

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There must, in fact, be equality as well as liberty. Liberalism, in other words, leads logically to Democracy, which proclaims the equality of all, and to the dogma of the sovereignty of the people. Logically, therefore, this individualistic theory must inevitably take a further step and lead on to Socialism.

The doctrine of Fascism, on the other hand, stands in direct opposition, not to this or that consequence of the Liberal, Democratic, Socialist conception, but to the conception itself. Liberalism and Socialism disagree as to methods, but Liberalism, Democracy, and Socialism on the one hand, and Fascism on the other, disagree about principles. The Fascist doctrine turns upside down the old relations between Society and the individual. In place of the formula, 'Society for the individual,' Fascism substitutes, 'The individual for society.' This, however, does not mean that Fascism suppresses the individual, but merely that it subordinates the individual to society. Fascism does not suppress individual liberty; it simply has a different conception of it. Fascism agrees that the individual must be guaranteed the conditions that are indispensable for the free development of his faculties, but this is not because it recognizes in him any right that is superior to that of the State, or that can be used against the State, but because it believes that it is to the interest of the State to develop human personality. If the individual is an element — though an infinitesimal and passing one — in the complex and permanent life of society, his normal development is clearly necessary for the development of social life.

So much for civil liberty. As for economic liberty, Fascism recognizes in it the central problem of the modern world; but it does not accept the solution proposed by Socialism — that is to say, the socialization of the means of production and their collective organization. The chief defect of that method is that it does not take human nature into account, and is therefore often out of touch with reality. In reality, there is no stronger spring in human action than the impulse derived from the self-interest of the individual, and its elimination from the economic field would mean paralysis. But it is impossible, having rejected the Socialist solution, to leave the problem as it is. That would result in serious damage to the public peace and to the authority of the State, such as one finds under a Liberal or Democratic régime. If the various classes are left to defend themselves by means of lockouts, strikes, boycotts, and sabotage, unchecked, anarchy will be the inevitable result. The aim of Fascist doctrine is to do justice between the classes, a fundamental need of modern life, and at the same time to prevent the individual from taking his defense into his own hands, as he used to do in the barbarous ages.

The problem, so put, admits of only one solution. The State that has for centuries substituted its own justice for the right of individuals to defend themselves must itself do justice between the different classes. In order to make the economic problem susceptible of a similar solution Fascism has created a syndicalism of its own. To suppress the right of classes to defend themselves is not the same thing as suppressing their defense. Class-organization is a fact and a necessity, and, as such, cannot be ignored by the State, but it must be disciplined and controlled, and brought within the compass of the State. According to the Fascist conception, the syndicate, instead of being the revolutionary instrument that the Socialist system made it, becomes an instrument of legal defense.

Such, briefly but objectively put, is

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the Fascist doctrine as expounded by Signor Rocco. It springs, he claims, from a pure Italian tradition, represented by Machiavelli, Vico, and Cuoco, in contrast to the Liberal, Democratic, and Socialist doctrines which are admittedly of foreign origin. In any case, it is the doctrine that has inspired the so-called super-Fascist laws which have lately been approved by Parliament, and now form the *corpus juris* of Fascism.

The law which embodies the Fascist principles relating to economic life is the Syndicates Law, and it is the most important of the super-Fascist laws. Its main provisions are as follows: An association of employers and employed, whether engaged on manual or brain work, *may be legally recognized* if — in the case of employers — it includes at least *one tenth* of the workers residing in the district in which the association operates and belonging to the category for which the association was formed; or if — in the case of workmen — those on its roll represent at least *one tenth* of the workers residing in the district and belonging to such a category. To obtain legal recognition, however, associations must do more than look after the economic and moral interests of their members; they must also assist and instruct them and attend to their moral and *national* education, and the leaders must guarantee their capacity, probity, and *firm national faith*. A condition of admittance to such an association is *good political conduct from the national point of view*. The law empowers recognized associations to represent *all* employers, workers, artists, and professional men who belong to the same categories within a district, *including those who are not members*. As an association has to have on its roll only a tenth part of the workers of a given category in a given district to obtain legal recognition, it follows that it may in actual practice legally represent nine tenths of the workers who are not members. Recognized associations impose an annual contribution not exceeding, in the case of employers, five lire for every worker employed, and, in the case of workers, artists, and professional men, the equivalent of a day's earnings, or thirty lire. All have to pay this sum, even those who have not been admitted into the association, or who have deliberately kept outside it. *Only one association can be legally recognized for each category*. There may be other associations, but one only, the legally recognized association, is entitled, under the law, to represent the category.

Every association has to have a president or secretary to manage its affairs, and their names *must be approved* by royal decree — that is, by the competent minister in agreement with the Minister of the Interior. The presidents and secretaries are assisted by managing boards elected by the members; but the prefect may dissolve the board and concentrate all power in the hands of the president or the secretary for a period not exceeding one year. Collective labor contracts agreed to by recognized associations apply to all whom they represent, *non-members as well as members*. A copy of every such contract must be lodged with the local prefect. Trade-unions of State employees or of employees of provincial or municipal bodies or of public philanthropic institutions cannot obtain legal recognition.

All disputes with regard to collective agreements are under the jurisdiction of the Courts of Appeal acting as a Labor Court. This jurisdiction is compulsory in all disputes between employers and employed that relate to the application of existing contracts. Where, however, the dispute relates to the fixing of new labor-conditions, it is only compulsory in the case of agricul-

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tural and industrial undertakings, and of public works or works of public utility. In other cases the consent of both sides has to be obtained, but once established the jurisdiction becomes compulsory. An employer who declares a lockout with the object of forcing his employees to agree to modifications of their agreements is punished with from three months' to a year's imprisonment and a fine of from ten thousand to a hundred thousand lire. In the same way three or more employees who leave their work or *act in such a way as to disturb its continuity or regularity* in order to secure better terms from their employers get from one to three months, and ringleaders not less than one or more than two years, as well as a fine of from two thousand to five thousand lire.

The Syndicates Law, if one can judge by the importance attached to its adoption by the original nucleus of the Fascist Party, is of all super-Fascist laws the most typical. It may therefore be of interest to relate the circumstances that attended its passage through the Chamber. Fascism is like a great river fed by tributaries. Nationalists, Plutocrats, Agrarians, and others have all helped to swell its waters, but it originally started as a little syndicalist stream. Signor Mussolini himself, when editor of the *Avanti*, was more of a syndicalist than of a reformist Socialist.

The original bill sanctioned compulsory arbitration for agriculture and the public services, but not for industry. The syndicalist wing of the Fascist Party, however, insisted upon its being applied to industry as well. The industrialists resisted for a long time, and the ranks of Fascism itself were split by a regular duel between the industrialists, supported by the Nationalists and other elements of the Right Wing, on the one hand, and the syndicalists and other elements of the Left, on the other. The industrialists were anxious lest the law — if applied impartially — should result in severity or even in injustice to themselves. In the end, however, they capitulated — no doubt they had assurances as to the way in which the law would be interpreted under the Fascist régime. The Fascist deputy, Signor Benni, who is also the president of the Italian Confederation of Industries, expressed his conviction in the Chamber on December 9, 1925, that the 'first effect of the recognition of the syndicates will certainly be to give to the workers, more than to the industrialists, a magnificent instrument for increasing their efficiency as a public and social economic factor.' With regard to compulsory arbitration, he added that it would be 'absolutely impossible for a Labor Court magistrate to form any idea of the multiform and continually changing conditions of industry,' and he finished up with the prediction that 'the application of compulsory arbitration to industry as well would be the beginning of the end for Italian industry.'

Two days later Signor Mussolini himself took up the defense of this law in a powerful speech. The industrialists should, he insisted, accept compulsory arbitration like other people, and the dangers to which Signor Benni had called attention need arouse no anxiety. 'Those who hesitate should,' he continued, 'bear in mind the [Fascist] régime and the Government. The workmen's syndicates are Fascist, and if they wish to bear the name of Fascist, and to move under the shade of the lictor, *they must control their actions and do nothing to diminish the productive efficiency of the nation, or to create difficulties for the Government.* Hence, besides the control that the Fascist syndicates must exercise over themselves, *there is also the sovereign control of the*

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Government.' This assurance satisfied Signor Benni. He withdrew his opposition and accepted compulsory arbitration for industry.

The apparent capitulation of the industrialists was not, however, unconditional. The General Confederation of Industry has become the *Fascist* Confederation of Industry, but by way of compensation it has obtained a seat on the Grand Council, the highest body in the Fascist hierarchy, and Signor Benni will there be able to protect industrialist interests against Signor Rossoni, the deputy who represents the Fascist workmen's syndicates. It would have been interesting to know what the workers really think of the new law, but this is impossible. The Confederation of Labor has not, like the sections that it used to represent, been formally dissolved; but no Labor journal is any longer in a position to express independent criticism, and congresses and referendums are out of the question. All that can safely be said is that the old leaders of the trade-unions that adhered to the Confederation remain faithful to the ideal of *free* trade-unions, and that they object in particular to two articles in the new law. The first is the position given to the secretary or president of a trade-union. It is not clear if they are to be elected by the workers, or nominated by the prefect; but it is in any case certain that they must be personæ gratæ to the prefect, as the latter has the right to annul their appointment. Secondly, it is considered monstrous that workers should all be obliged to pay their annual quota to the syndicates without having the right of joining them. A worker can be refused admission for *political reasons*.

Just as Fascist doctrine, as explained by Signor Rocco at Perugia, has found its expression on the economic side in the Syndicates Law, on the political side it is represented by a series of enactments that, by different paths, all make for the same end — the curtailment of the liberties of the individual and the strengthening of the prerogatives of the State and of the Executive. The Government has officially declared its intention of introducing a bill at an early date for the reform of the Senate. It would make the latter an entirely elected body, and have its members elected by the syndicates. Of the fate of the Chamber nothing certain is known, though a strong element in Fascism would like to see it abolished.

But the most open attack that has been made on the representative principle is in the municipal sphere. The Fascist Government held that 'municipalism is an Italian sore, and that the present condition of the small municipalities shows the way in which factious local struggles destroy all sense of the collective good, all respect for justice, and all criterions of economy and wise administration.' It decided to abolish elections and councils in all municipalities with not more than five thousand inhabitants, and to entrust their administration to a podesta nominated by the Government through the prefect of the province. The podesta holds his post for five years, but his term may be extended. A podesta may also be nominated for municipalities with a larger population when for some reason or other their councils have been dissolved twice in two years. The prefect may allow the podesta the assistance of an advisory committee, one third of whose members are directly nominated by himself and the other two thirds by economic bodies, syndicates, and local associations selected also by himself. The functions of this committee are, however, only advisory. Out of 9148 Italian municipalities — ranging from Clavières, with fifty-eight inhabitants, to Milan, whose present population is eight hundred and forty

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thousand — 7337 will have a podesta, and only 1811 the old elected municipal councils. Thus this new law will bring all local autonomy to an end in 7337 municipalities. The podesta will simply be an official of the central Government. He will exercise plenary powers, and the citizens will no longer have any voice in the administration.

The Prefects Law, like the Podesta Law, is intended to increase the vigilance and strengthen the control of the Executive over every kind of provincial activity. It also imposes upon the prefects of the provinces the duty of taking steps 'to ensure, *in harmony with the general policy of the Government*, unity of political action in the development of the various services.' The prefect must accordingly keep in close touch with officials in his province so as 'to impart to them the instructions that are considered expedient.'

We now come to the last of the constructive laws — the one that Fascists proudly claim to be the most anti-democratic of all, the Prime Minister Law. Under it the Italian Chambers can no longer even take notice of bills unless they have the approval of the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister may at any time have passed any measure he wishes, even when the opinion of the Chamber is unfavorable.

The latest super-Fascist law is the Press Law, which endows the prefects with plenary powers to enforce drastic measures, such as sequestration, warning, suspension, and suppression, which are put into effect for political reasons, without any of them being followed by a regular trial. Their effect, and that of a campaign conducted by other methods, has been completely to silence the Opposition press. The great newspapers, whose proprietors have in several cases been forced to dispose of their shares and 'clear out,' have had either to pass over to Fascism or to pledge themselves not to oppose it in any way. No newspaper that dares to call itself Liberal, Democratic, or Constitutional is allowed to appear, and two or three working-class journals, like the Socialist *Avanti* and the Communist *Unità*, whose circulation has been reduced by boycotting methods, appear without comments. If they were to make any they would be sequestrated. The so-called Fascistization of the press was completed last December. Doubts about its expediency or wisdom were expressed by several Fascist writers, and on December 30, 1925, the *Popolo d'Italia*, Signor Mussolini's own organ, in order to still such qualms, published an article that required no signature to reveal its author. After reminding its readers that 'in the life of to-day all the old margins are reduced to an extraordinary degree,' and that 'there is no longer any room for many things that were excellent in other times,' the article concluded with the words: '*To-day, among the things for which there is no room must be included the Opposition.*'

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SHOT DOWN BY THE BRITISH[1]

A ZEPPELIN OFFICER'S STORY

BY OTTO MIETH

THE sixteenth of June, 1917, was a bright, beautiful summer day. Our naval airport, Nordholz, near Cuxhaven, lay enbosomed in idyllic heath-country amid clumps of pines and birches. Its gigantic sheds and grounds basked in the sunshine as if there were nothing but peace and goodwill on earth. Suddenly a wild, warlike shriek, beginning with a deep rumble and rising into a long, shrill tremolo, rent the dreamy atmosphere. Thrice did the siren call.

Thus Mars suddenly strode into the tents of peace, for this was the summons for a raid against England. Files of attendants rushed out of the barracks to the airship sheds, whose doors suddenly yawned wide open as if they had been burst out by the rising roar of the motors within. A moment later two giant Zeppelins slowly emerged. One was the L-48, the newest airship in the navy, to which I had been assigned as watch officer.

As I directed the operation of bringing her out, I studied with proud delight the slender, handsome lines of the giant, six hundred feet long and sixty feet through at its greatest girth. Four gondolas, one on either side, and one fore and one aft in the centre, were suspended below its body. They contained five motors, while the front gondola was reserved for the steersmen and their instruments. Our regular crew consisted of twenty men, including two officers, but to-day we carried an attack commander, Captain Sch——.

Black is the color of night, and black was the color of our ship. Our shield was Darkness, for when she enwrapped the earth and nature and man on moonless nights she announced the hour for us to rise to lofty altitudes and to attack the enemy behind his ancient walls of water.

We did not look forward expectantly to the devastation we planned to wreak. That was in the line of duty, for which we risked our lives. But the real joy in our service was, after all, the charm of nature, the sense of isolation in infinite space in our fragile ship — alone with the heavens above and the waters beneath the earth.

As soon as I boarded the ship, our mooring lines were loosened, propellers began to whirl, and the L-48 rose quickly but majestically in the air. A last wave of the hand, a shout of 'Back to-morrow!' and the North Sea rolled beneath us.

Our course lay due west. We were in the best of spirits, and, though our sailors were superstitious, no one recalled the fact that this was our thirteenth raid. Our sealed orders were opened. They read briefly: 'Attack South England — if possible, London.' Wilhelmshaven appeared on our port side. The vessels of our high-sea fleet,

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung Illustriertes Blatt* (Liberal daily, pictorial supplement), *February* 28

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lying on watch at Schillig Reede, signaled, 'A successful trip.'

The North Friesland Islands came into sight and disappeared behind us. We pushed steadily onward. Slowly the homeland sank into the misty distance, and over Terschelling we found ourselves already in the enemy zone of operation. Only a few days before, the British had surprised and destroyed two of our reconnoitring airships at this point. We rose to the three-thousand-metre level, scanning the air anxiously in all directions, but discovered no sign of the enemy.

On and on. Our motors hummed rhythmically, our propellers whistled. It gradually became darker. The last rays of the sun gilded the waves and a light mist spread like a thin veil over the earth, making it difficult to pick up our bearings. We had gradually risen to five thousand metres, and were close to the southeastern coast of England. But it was still too light for our purpose, so we were forced to bear away from land and wait for darkness. Suddenly a heavy thunderstorm swept over England. Flashes of lightning a kilometre long rent the clouds. This wonderful scene lasted but a few minutes and then passed on, but when we resumed our course we discovered that there had been a violent atmospheric disturbance, and that the direction of the wind had suddenly changed and we were bucking a strong southwest gale that impeded our progress.

By this time it was perfectly dark, and we crossed the English coast in the vicinity of Harwich. Silver-white streaks of surf were clearly visible beneath us, so that we could easily follow the contours of the coast. But everything else was absolute blackness; not a light was visible.

We knew, therefore, that an alarm had been given. Millions of people were aware of our coming and were preparing to give us a warm reception. We made our last preparations. Signals rang through the ship, 'Full speed ahead,' 'Clear ship for battle.' Now for the luck of war!

By this time it was bitterly cold, the temperature having fallen seventy-two degrees since we left Germany, and we shivered even in our heavy clothing. At our high altitude, moreover, we breathed with great difficulty, and in spite of our oxygen flasks several members of the crew became unconscious. Nevertheless we pushed on steadily against the southwest wind, driving our machines at their full power. But June nights are short in England, and our chances of reaching London grew constantly less. Suddenly a starboard propeller stopped, and an engineer reported that the motor had broken down.

As our forward motor was also knocking badly, we had to give up London. Thereupon one bit of bad luck followed another. Our compass froze and we had great difficulty in keeping our bearings. At length we decided to attack Harwich, which lay diagonally ahead of us wrapped in a light stratum of fog. So we made for the leeward of the town in order to cross over quickly with the wind behind us. It was 2 A.M., and our altitude was 5600 metres, or nearly eighteen thousand feet.

When we swung around and pointed directly for Harwich it was as still as death in the gondola. All nerves were tense. The only sounds that broke the silence were low orders to the steersman from time to time. Suddenly somebody woke up below us. Twenty or thirty searchlights flashed out in unison, thrusting long, white, groping, luminous arms into the air. They clutched hastily and nervously, crossed each other, passed so close to

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us that our gondola was as bright as day. Yes, they even flickered across the ship itself without detecting us. Meanwhile we drew closer and closer to our goal, sliding between the shafts of light with humming propellers. For several minutes this game continued. Then one searcher picked us up and held us fast in his circle of light. Thirty white arms grasped greedily at us as if they would tear us out of the air with their eager clutches. Our slender black ship was flooded with their radiance, which it reflected in jetty sparkles from its glittering body.

Instantly it began to thunder and lighten below as if all Inferno had been let loose. Hundreds of guns fired simultaneously, their flashes twinkling like fireflies in the blackness beneath. Shells whizzed past and exploded. Shrapnel flew. The ship was enveloped in a cloud of gas, smoke, and flying missiles. Hissing like poisonous serpents, whistling, howling, visible during their whole trajectory, blue-white uncanny fire-shells and rockets sang past us. *Peng! Peng!* bellowed the English guns in their sharp staccato, like a great pack of hounds at the heels of a stag. But we kept steadily forward into this witches' cauldron. Every man stood at his post with bated breath. The weariness, the cold, and the rarefied air had been forgotten. Our beating hearts fairly drummed against our sides. I kept my eye glued on my vertical glass, my right hand on the lever of the electric bomb-release. Gradually our target came into the field of vision until it reached the point set. I pressed the lever, and at fixed intervals, one by one, the bombs fell. A new sound now punctuated the incessant roar beneath — the dull throbbing *boom! boom!* as our missiles struck the earth. The whole thing lasted only a minute or two, but in that brief interval was concentrated the experience of an ordinary lifetime. We steered straight ahead across the area of fire. To be or not to be was now the question. Were a single one of the countless shells that flew past us to strike our six hundred feet of unprotected body, our gas would be aflame in an instant, and our fate would be sealed.

It seemed a miracle that we ever emerged from the tumult. The firing grew weaker and at length ceased. The searchlights were extinguished. Night embraced us again, and covered also the land with its opaque blanket. Only dull-red, glowing spots far behind us marked the points where our bombs had started conflagrations.

It was half-past two, and from our altitude the pale glow of England's midsummer dawn was already visible. So it was high time to get back over the open sea, for once there our principal danger would be over. But our frozen compass was our undoing. Instead of steering to the east, we inadvertently headed toward the north, and before we discovered our error we had lost valuable time. Added to that, our forward motor also failed us, so that our speed was sensibly diminished.

I had just returned to my station after dispatching a radiogram reporting the success of our raid, and was talking with Captain Sch——, when a bright light flooded our gondola, as if another searchlight had picked us up. Assuming that we were over the sea, I imagined for an instant that it must come from an enemy war-vessel; but when I glanced up from my position, six or eight feet below the body of the ship, I saw that she was on fire. Almost instantly our six hundred feet of hydrogen were ablaze. Dancing, lambent flames licked ravenously at her quickly bared skeleton, which seemed to grin jeeringly at us from the sea of light. So it was all

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over. I could hardly credit it for an instant. I threw off my overcoat, and shouted to Captain Sch—— to do the same, thinking that if we fell into the sea we might save ourselves by swimming. It was a silly idea, of course, for we had no chance of surviving. Captain Sch—— realized this. Standing calm and motionless, he fixed his eyes for a moment upon the flames above, staring death steadfastly in the face. Then, as if bidding me farewell, he turned and said, 'It 's all over.'

After that, absolute silence reigned in the gondola. Only the roar of the flames was audible. Not a man had left his post. Everyone stood waiting for the great experience — the end. This lasted several seconds. The vessel still kept an even keel. We had time to think over our situation. The quickest death would be the best; to be burned alive was horrible. So I sprang to one of the side windows of the gondola to jump out. Just at that moment a frightful shudder shot through the burning skeleton and the ship gave a convulsion like the bound of a horse when shot. The gondola struts broke with a snap, and the skeleton collapsed with a series of crashes like the smashing of a huge window. As our gondola swung over we fell backward and somewhat away from the flames. I found myself projected into a corner with others on top of me. The gondola was now grinding against the skeleton, which had assumed a vertical position and was falling like a projectile toward the earth. Flames and gas poured over us as we lay there in a heap. It grew fearfully hot. I felt flames against my face, and heard groans. I wrapped my arms around my head to protect it from the scorching flames, hoping the end would come quickly. That was the last I remember.

Our vessel fell perpendicularly, descending like a mighty column of fire through the darkness, and striking stern first. There was a tremendous concussion when we hit the earth. It must have shocked me back to consciousness for a moment, for I remember a thrill of horror as I opened my eyes and saw myself surrounded by a sea of flames and red-hot metal beams and braces that seemed about to crush me. Then I lost consciousness a second time, and did not recover until the sun was already high in the heavens.

Gradually I collected my thoughts. How did I get here in these strange surroundings, on this litter? It was like a dream. I half raised myself painfully, and saw that my legs were wound in thick, bloody bandages. I could hardly move them, for they were broken. Then I made a new discovery: my head and legs were covered with burns; my hands were lacerated; when I breathed I felt as if a knife were thrust into me.

I thought to myself, 'Am I dreaming or awake?' Just then a human voice interrupted my groping thoughts: 'Do you want a cigarette?' And a Tommy stuck a cigarette-case under my nose with a friendly grin. So it was no dream. I was a prisoner.

I now learned what had happened. An English aviator had crept up on us unobserved and had managed to fire our ship. We fell in an open field near Ipswich. All our crew was killed except myself and two subordinate officers, one of whom died later from his wounds. The other was in one of the side gondolas, which chanced to be out of reach of the flames, and though he became unconscious for a moment he was not injured. The moment we struck ground he clambered out and ran away as if the Furies were after him; but a person must be excused for losing his head under such circumstances.

I never have been able to under-

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stand just how I personally escaped. Probably my comrades who fell on top of me when the ship settled aft shielded me from the flames; for I was not seriously, even though painfully, burned. When we struck, stern foremost, the light skeleton of the long vessel telescoped, and this broke my fall, and the prow stood upright above the débris, so that I was not hit by flying beams.

When I asked how my English captors found me, they said they heard me groaning and were able to pull me out of the flames before it was too late. I soon recovered from my shock and wounds, survived my long imprisonment, and have even become accustomed to having everyone who meets me, who knows of my experience, inquire solicitously, 'Don't you feel any bad effects?'

A LAST UNFLEETING KISS

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Saturday Review*]

WHAT shall I say, when I am old,
And the young men reading me
Find in you only the crystal-cold
Graces of poetry?

What shall I do, when your beauty for these
Is legendary as hers,
Who was the womanhood of Greece
Made manifest in verse?

What shall I do, how shall I prove
Against prevailing time
That rime endures because of love,
Not love because of rime?

How shall I make them understand
That all I do in this
Is but to set against your hand
A last unfleeting kiss,

And not with words, but like a hare
That crouches in her form,
My lips, forever moulded there,
Will tremble and be warm?

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'THE ABODE OF PEACE'[1]

A VISIT AT TAGORE'S ACADEMY

BY J. A. SPENDER

THE Bengal plain spreads about me like the sea; and the sun beats on it from a cloudless sky. There are no hedges or boundaries, and the predominant earth-color is a pale brown. But there is life and cultivation everywhere. Trees abound, and a vivid green banana-grove stands out in the distance against a dark screen of mangoes. There are large tanks in the hollows, and brown-legged peasants lift the water from level to level in iron scoops attached to bamboo hoists. Bullock carts are crossing the flat in all directions, with little parties of men, women, and children trotting in attendance. The women are swathed in white, with a rose-colored or orange scarf about their shoulders; the little children are generally as nature made them, their brown skins burnished in the sunlight. There is a perpetual chatter of birds, and the trill of the big kites breaks in on the chorus of the crows.

Sixty years ago this country was infested with dacoits, and it is related that the famous Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, father of the poet, halting to meditate in a grove of chatini trees, was set upon by a gang of them, who were about to rob and kill him, when their hearts were so touched by the beauty and sanctity of his face that they not only spared him but became his devoted disciples. Under the trees is a simple marble monument commemorating the occasion and recording the mystic's thought: —

> He is the repose of my life;
> He is the joy of my heart;
> He is the peace of my soul.

Within a hundred yards of this spot Devendranath Tagore built a large house and settled down in it with his family; and twenty-five years ago his famous son, Rabindranath, the poet and writer, founded the colony known as Shantiniketan — 'the Abode of Peace' — on the adjoining estate. Here my wife and I had the great pleasure of spending three days with him and his fellow workers.

The colony is first of all a school for boys and girls, who are educated together. This deliberately cuts across Indian tradition and sentiment, and might be disastrous if it were not in expert hands. Here it is perfectly successful. There are separate hostels for boys and girls, the girls living in a three-storied house, the boys in the long low bungalows that are scattered about between the trees. The classrooms are mainly the open air; the children sit cross-legged in circles under the trees, the teacher at one end, with his maps or diagrams hanging from a bough. They make delightful groups, in their white tunics and colored scarves; all the faces seem eager and intelligent, and many of them are strik-

[1] From the *Westminster Gazette* (Independent Liberal daily), *March* 8

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ingly handsome. For half an hour I sat listening to an English lesson, and was struck with the ease with which they read and their quickness in catching the accent and intonation. They seemed to be quite unembarrassed by my presence, and completely at ease with their teacher, who spoke and read English perfectly. From that I passed to a geography lesson, which, for my benefit, the teacher changed from Bengali to English, and, to all appearances, without in the least disturbing the flow of his instruction.

There is a power house close by, which serves the double purpose of lighting the colony and instructing the boys in the handling of the plant; and adjoining it is a carpenter's shop, where they make most of the furniture and do the necessary repairs, under the instruction of their teachers. Across the road is the art school and library, a building of two stories, with a large open verandah above the porch. All who have the slightest aptitude are encouraged to draw, and taught to paint in water colors. There is no hard-and-fast curriculum; boys and girls follow their own bent, draw any figure or object that strikes their fancy, and bring the results to be criticized by the master. They provided me with paper, paints, and brushes and sat me down to sketch, with a group of watchful critics looking over my shoulder. It was terrifying to me, but perfectly natural to them, and presently they began running back to their rooms and bringing little bundles of their own drawings for me to criticize. Some of these seemed to be extraordinarily interesting and original. One or two were copies of European models, but most followed the Indian style, figures and simple objects being drawn in sharp outline, and almost invariably fitted into a design that had been imposed on the model.

Within the school the art lesson was going on to an accompaniment of music. The pupils sat cross-legged with their drawing-boards on the floor in front of them, while a lad of about eighteen, with a charming tenor voice, sang Bengali songs and accompanied himself on a richly carved zither. The music is at first a little strange to the Western ear, but that quickly wears off, and then one gets the sense of rare and fascinating rhythms that seem to be an extension of speech rather than an art apart from it. Rabindranath Tagore is as much musician as poet; he has provided the music for more than a hundred of his own songs; he sings them beautifully himself, and they are known and sung all over Bengal. Unfortunately this music is passed on without being written down, and, like the poetry, most of which is untranslated, it is unknown outside India. But one hears it everywhere at Shantiniketan, for in this place everyone sings, and music is literally one of the foundations of education. The day opens with song and ends with song. Morning and evening little parties of boys and girls take it in turn to walk up and down the beautiful avenue of sal trees singing the morning and evening hymns.

One of the evening hymns has, fortunately, been translated by Mr. Edward Thompson, and if the reader will think of it as sung to an Indian melody in the twilight under the trees he will catch a little of the atmosphere that the poet has woven about this place: —

In my evenings Thou hast come, in beautiful raiment;
I salute Thee.
In the heart of the darkness Thou hast laughed;
I salute Thee.
In this downcast, still, deep, placid sky,
I salute Thee.
In this gentle, peaceful, drowsy wind,
I salute Thee.
On the grassy couch of this tired earth,
I salute Thee.

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In this silent incantation of the steadfast stars,
I salute Thee.
In the lonely resthouse at work's end,
I salute Thee.
In the flowery garland of the fragrant evening sky,
I salute Thee.

Every season has its songs, — songs of the spring, songs of the summer, songs of the rains, — and these too are sung by the children at the appointed times. And finally there are the poet's plays interspersed with dance and song, which are carefully rehearsed and acted two or three times a year. It is certainly not the fault of their teachers if the children who pass through this school do not come out of it with their imaginations kindled and their tastes refined.

After staying in this place for three days, I see it as the nearest embodiment in existence to-day of the Platonic idea of the education of youth. Tagore has not consciously borrowed from Plato; he has followed his own road to a conclusion that is above all things Indian and Bengali, but the same thought is in his mind — the thought of the unconscious effect of beautiful sights and sounds upon the growing intelligence, and their power to subdue it to the useful and the good. It is difficult to express this in any language that does not sound affected and sentimental, especially to those accustomed to the robust methods of the English public schools; and its virtue lies entirely in its being unselfconscious and unexpressed. That Tagore contrives by his own presence and influence — an influence which is as strongly practical on one side as it is poetical on another.

These boys and girls, in fact, are being trained in every possible way to be useful and active citizens. By an ingenious arrangement the older girls take charge of the little boys of the junior school, and thereby learn a great deal that is useful in mothering and home-keeping. All are taught what is called domestic science, and will presently, it is hoped, help to spread this much-needed knowledge in the villages of Bengal. The boys, meanwhile, are having the Scout spirit instilled into them in a manner that would rejoice the heart of General Baden-Powell. The neighboring villages are grouped round the settlement, and the boys of the school are sent in to deal with the villagers' emergencies and to organize their sports and amusements. When cholera broke out in one of the villages last year they went in and cleaned out the place and purified its water. All this means a break with caste and custom that can with difficulty be realized by a European. Among the boys are sons of Brahmans, who bring with them from their homes all the pride and prejudice of their caste. They are left absolutely free to go their own way, and nothing ostensible is done to break down their exclusiveness. If they choose to have their meals apart, it is permitted, and some of them do for the first few months after their arrival. But the spirit of the place gradually kills the pride of the little Brahman, and after this beginning he settles down with the rest and learns to be an equal among equals. The Shantiniketan teachers do not inveigh against caste; they are content to teach a way of life in which caste prejudices seem absurd and inhuman.

But at Shantiniketan the school is not everything. Joined up with it is a research department for adult students, presided over by the learned pundit Vidhushekar Bhattacharya, who is engaged in deciphering ancient Sanskrit texts written on palm leaves, and who shares his study with another famous scholar who is at work on a Sanskrit dictionary. This department has a reputation outside India, and two Italian professors from the Uni-

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versity of Rome are at this moment pursuing their studies there. I listened one evening to a learned and eloquent theme delivered by one of them to the teachers and students of the colony. Metaphysical subtleties that out-Hegel Hegel are commonly discussed in this circle, and the plain man from the West quickly finds his brain spinning in a whirl of Indian terminology which the pundits handle with a terrible familiarity. I will not try to plumb these depths; sufficient to say that the search for the ultimate reality is pursued indefatigably at all hours of the day and night by these ardent spirits.

The Agricultural Research Department, another branch of the colony, swings back to the practical. This bears the name of Sriniketan, — 'the Abode of Energy,' — and is situated a mile away, in and around the village of Sural. Here is an experimental farm and vegetable garden, with technical schools in spinning and tanning for the instruction of the villagers. Professor Gangulee, Tagore's son-in-law, who has done so much to prepare the way for the Agricultural Commission that has just been announced, was at work in this place for a year or more, and to look at it is to see what he and other Indian agricultural reformers have in mind. The farm has the special object of showing the villagers of this district what can be grown on their own sandy soil and how their methods may be improved. There are model growths of cotton, rice, pineapple, bananas, ginger, and various other plants that are being tested for their suitability to this part of Bengal. There is also a stock farm for improving the breed of cows and buffaloes; and a delightful Japanese gardener is showing how vegetables and flowers should be grown.

I cannot speak as an expert, but on all hands I have heard the highest tributes paid to the practical value of this work and to the disinterested zeal of the men who are carrying it on. They have great difficulties to overcome — the apathy of the peasant, the objection of the landed class to experiments that break in upon the old ways, the eternal problem of finance, which is only to be solved when the self-supporting basis is reached. That is hoped for after another year or two years, but pioneers are sanguine, and there are unforeseen trials and aberrations of nature that defeat the best intentions of even scientific agriculturalists.

Certainly at Shantiniketan, if anywhere, the 'practical visionary' is seen at work. You pass from dreamland into reality at a turn of the road, and back again into dreamland at the next turning. The special quality of this place is the combination of the two things and the correction of the one by the other. One trembles a little to think how it could go on and this delicate balance be maintained if the presiding genius were removed. He sits in the centre of it — a gracious and picturesque personality, his flowing locks falling over his blue robe, the very personification of the poet as the painter would wish him to be. All here are his devoted servants, and hang on his lips as he discourses of loving-kindness and homely duties, or plunges deep into the mysteries of the Divine Being and His manifestations in art and nature. I shall always think of him as sitting in his great chair in the large open portico of his house at Shantiniketan, with the Indian sunlight playing on the walls behind him.

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DRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS[1]

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH

I HAVE been associated with Parliament as a journalist for thirty-nine years, and to me the most remarkable of the changes within that period is that the House of Commons has become almost entirely bareheaded. Not more than two or three in the great throng are to be seen wearing their hats. Yet well within my time it was a breach of etiquette for a member to sit in his place 'uncovered.'

This innovation in Parliamentary customs respecting dress has been made more marked than ever by the appearance of women in the House. In the case of Lady Astor, the first woman member to be elected, the authorities of the House advised that the proper course for her was to wear a hat, not only in accordance with the old religious rule that women should come to churches with their heads covered as a sign of modesty, but also for the more relevant reason that members of Parliament were, by long tradition, expected to be covered — bringing their hats with them into the House, wearing them when they were seated, and uncovering only when they stood up. Lady Astor yielded to this opinion, and, though her example of always wearing a hat was followed by only three of the eight members of the sex who sat in the Parliament of 1924, it came to this — that in that Parliament the ancient custom of sitting covered in the House of Commons was observed more by women, small though their numbers were, eight out of six hundred and fifteen, than by men.

The wearing of hats in the House of Commons may have been as ancient as Parliament itself, a heritage from the primitive moots, at which the leading men of the nation, endowed with the experience and wisdom of age, met in the open air with covered heads for the discussion of public affairs. Or else, an alternative suggestion, it arose in the seventeenth century, during the contests between the Parliament and the Crown, when the Commons, as a token that they were masters in their own House, put their hats on to receive a message from the King, instead of taking them off as such of them as wear hats do to-day. But however the custom of sitting covered may have originated, it was followed down to recent times as an essential part of Parliamentary procedure, ceremony, and deportment. Pictures of the House of Commons in the nineteenth century, as well as in the seventeenth and eighteenth, show the members seated with their hats on. Only the fashion of the headdress underwent a change. We see the sugar-loaf hat with wide brim of the Roundheads, and the Cavalier's broad-leafed beaver hat with rich hatband and plume of feathers, in the seventeenth century; the three-cornered or cocked hat, surmounting wig or pigtail, in the eighteenth; and the top hat in the nineteenth.

The first breach of the rule or habit was made by ministers and their whips. Ministers first came into the

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *March*

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House bareheaded, so far as I have been able to trace, in 1852, the year the present Chamber was first used. In the extensive new Palace of Westminster, which rose out of the ashes of the old, burned down in 1834, ministers were each provided for the first time with a private room, and in these rooms they began to leave their hats for no other reason than to save themselves the trouble of taking them off every time they rose in the House, which they had frequently to do in answering questions or in discussing amendments moved to a Bill in Committee.

So it came to pass that to be bareheaded in the House was the distinguishing mark of a minister. Two ministers, however, continued to sit covered on the Treasury Bench. These were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Among the Chancellors of the Exchequer whom I have seen from the Reporters' Gallery, each, in turn, the sole wearer of a hat on the Treasury Bench, were Mr. Goschen, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George. There was a breach in the observance of the custom during Mr. Bonar Law's term of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the course of the Great War. It was revived by Mr. (now Sir) Austen Chamberlain, who succeeded Mr. Bonar Law. He, indeed, was faithful to the custom, not only as Chancellor of the Exchequer, before and after the Great War, but as Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Even in the last Parliament of the War Coalition Mr. Chamberlain might have been observed, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, facing his critics with his silk hat tilted over his eyes. The purpose of this adherence to an old custom by one particular cabinet minister became a mystery in its later years. At any rate, a recent Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to a question I put to him on the subject, confessed he was at a loss to explain why it was that the one minister who appeared covered in the House was the minister responsible for the imposition and collection of taxes. But the explanation to which I have been led gives to the custom quite a constitutional significance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer wore his hat among his bareheaded colleagues to imply that as guardian of the public purse he occupied an independent position — one, as it were, combining the powers and responsibilities of a minister with the freedom of action of a private member. I do not know whether the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in that respect has changed; but he, like the Financial Secretary, observes no longer the symbolic custom of sitting covered on the Treasury Bench.

As for the whips, the bare head, when everybody else was covered, told members who they were as they hurried in and out of the Chamber, or stationed themselves in the Members' Lobby, looking after their men, as the challenge of the division bells might, at any moment, ring out. Now the bareheaded whips are lost in a hatless crowd. In fact, so general had become the unparliamentary habit of appearing in Chamber and Lobby uncovered that in the late Labor Parliament there were only two or three private members — as members on the back benches are called — who might be relied on always to be seen wearing their hats. One of the faithful was, and is, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, 'Father of the House' by the longest unbroken service as a member.

To what is due this transformation of the Commons from a silk-hatted to a bareheaded assembly within a generation? Parliamentary habits and

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customs are always undergoing modification and obliteration. Usages of etiquette drop away little by little, unperceived, until they disappear altogether, and are finally forgotten. Some of them, no doubt, outgrew their significance or usefulness. But there is a general explanation. The rules which govern order and decorum in the House of Commons are both written and unwritten. The written rules, or 'Standing Orders' as they are officially called, are fixed in print, and can be altered or abrogated only by special resolution. They relate, for the most part, to procedure. But the code of conduct — that once elaborate system of understandings for the guidance of members in regard to dress, deportment, etiquette, and their relations each with the others — was never committed to print or writing at all. It was handed down orally from parliament to parliament by the old members to the new, and, having regard to the great and sudden changes in membership that often take place, it will be understood how liable parts of the code are to fall unnoticed into oblivion.

So imperceptible almost is this slow waning of ancient usages in the House of Commons that the period at which particular customs came to an end cannot be exactly stated. For example, it was the practice during the greater part of the eighteenth century for members to wear court dress — skirted coats of cloth, waistcoats and breeches of velvet or satin, silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, lace ruffles, and wigs. Ministers also displayed the stars and ribbons of such orders as had been conferred on them by the sovereign. The general use of elaborate dress in the House of Commons died out early in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, but it was worn by ministers on great occasions, such as 'full-dress debates' (the origin of this phrase, which is still extant, is obvious), in the first decades of the nineteenth century. Yet the most diligent search in official records, in newspapers and magazines, and in diaries and biographies of the late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, has failed me in fixing the exact time when this transformation was completed, and a grand ceremonial feature of Parliamentary life wholly disappeared.

I think, however, that the substitution of a more sombre style of dress for the rich apparel and the three-cornered hat which prevailed in Parliament throughout most of the eighteenth century set in during the French Revolution. The eighth Duke of Argyle relates in his *Autobiography* that his father used to say that Charles Grey, of Northumberland, — afterward the Earl Grey of the Reform Bill of 1832, — was the only member of the House of Commons who ostentatiously wore colored or light attire, all the other members being in mourning, when the news came from Paris that King Louis XVI had been beheaded. So far as I have been able to gather, dress in this country lost much of its richness of ornamentation, both in sorrow for the victims, and joy at the leveling principles, of the French Revolution. Leigh Hunt gives us in his *Autobiography* pictures of the two greatest Parliamentarians in the early years of the nineteenth century. He says he saw Pitt 'in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots and a round hat with powder and pigtail'; and Fox, 'Quaker-like as to dress, with plain-colored clothes, a broad round hat, white waistcoat, and, if I am not mistaken, white stockings.'

Still, as I have said, the custom of wearing court dress and orders by leading ministers was observed far into the nineteenth century in debates on the big political questions of the day.

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adopt the conventional attire of black coat and top hat.

Once, however, a member met the friendly admonition of Mr. Speaker Shaw Lefevre with the defiant declaration that he would wear what he pleased. 'Very well,' said the Speaker, 'no matter how often you may rise to address the House, I shall never see you until you are properly dressed.' Time after time the member tried to catch the Speaker's eye, but always failed. His constituents began to complain of his silence, even on questions of local interest, and say he was no good as a representative. Thus he was driven to the sensible conclusion that it was very absurd being condemned to obscurity in the House of Commons for the sake of a tweed suit.

Mr. Speaker Denison was also a stout upholder of etiquette in dress. In 1871 an extreme Irish politician entered the House of Commons in the person of John Martin. He had been concerned in the Young Ireland revolutionary movement of 1848 and was sentenced to ten years' transportation for treason and felony. On taking his seat in 1871 he was observed to enter into conversation with Mr. Speaker Denison at the Chair. It was thought he was consulting the Speaker as to the quarter of the House in which it would be proper for him to sit, as he belonged to neither of the British political parties, and the Nationalist Party was still a thing of the future. The interview, however, was for a far different purpose. Martin was a rebel also against enforced compliance with conventions as to dress, and his desire to wear a soft slouch hat, — then known as a republican hat, being a hat without a crown, — to which he had become accustomed in his exile, instead of the tall hat, appeared to the Speaker to be utterly preposterous. After some consideration a compromise was arrived at. As Martin could not be induced to wear a silk hat, the Speaker permitted him, as a great concession, to appear in the Chamber uncovered. He was to leave his soft hat in the cloakroom.

Joseph Cowen, who entered the House of Commons later, — well known as the democratic member for Newcastle upon Tyne, and a great and popular orator, — could not, like Martin, bring himself to wear the regulation tall hat. Though very wealthy, he was a man of simple tastes and averse to all show in personal attire. I remember him well in the House, in black broadcloth and black-felt hat, with a broad brim, like unto a Nonconformist minister from the North. His hat was greatly resented by members generally, but Cowen wore it in the House to the end, for he was a man who would not yield by one jot to convention.

I can also recall the sight of the first straw hat in the House of Commons. It was worn in the summer of 1893 by an Irish Nationalist member. Gladstone, as Prime Minister, was then carrying his second Home Rule Bill through the House, and, always himself a strict observer of customs, he did not at all relish this headdress, which, by some strange twist of mind, he thought particularly unfortunate when the House of Commons was discussing a parliament for Ireland. At his request, the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Russell, — afterward Lord Russell of Killowen, — went to remonstrate with the innovator. 'Look here,' said Russell, who was noted for his downright manner and sharp tongue, 'you're a damned ass; go and eat that straw hat of yours.' Certainly, whatever became of it, that straw hat was seen no more.

It is unlikely that anyone, even then, at that period of growing freedom in attire, ever contemplated the appearance of the workman's cap in the House

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What a shout of welcome used to go up from the Tories when Castlereagh, rising from the Treasury Bench, was seen readjusting the blue riband of the Garter on his breast as a preliminary to a speech — though, according to the prejudiced opinion of Byron, the speech was always 'weak and washy.' And does not Disraeli, in *Endymion*, make Sir Fraunceys Scrope, the Father of the House, say to the young hero of the novel, 'I remember so late as Mr. Canning, the Minister always came down in silk stockings and pantaloons or knee-breeches'? And have not I, in far later times, seen Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, and John Morley coming to Westminster to make important speeches — the one wearing a small white blossom, the other a gorgeous orchid, and the third a red tie!

Picturesqueness of dress in the Commons seems to have entirely passed away after the Reform Act of 1832. The last time the red riband of the Order of the Bath was worn in the House it was across the breast of Manners Sutton, the Speaker of the last unreformed and the first reformed Parliaments. I have seen an engraving of the spectacle in the House of Lords when the Reform Bill of 1832 received the royal assent. The members of the House of Commons, who appeared at the Bar, with Mr. Speaker, in answer to the summons of Black Rod, were dressed either in cloth coats, made with lapels and a tail, and brass buttons, buckskin pantaloons, and top-boots, — the costume of the country squire, — or in the long frock-coats and loose trousers affected by borough members. At that time county members, as distinguished from borough members, had still the privilege of appearing in the House in pantaloons and Hessian boots. The wearing of spurs, however, appears to have been then discontinued. But earlier in the century it was jealously guarded by county members as a right to which mere borough members had no title. Charles Abbot — afterward Speaker — mentions in his *Diary* that an old member called him to account for wearing spurs in the House — he who represented only a borough. These were the last survivals of distinctions in dress between the representatives of 'county' and 'town' in Parliament. They disappeared after the passing of the Reform Act. Disraeli, in a memorandum found among his papers, says of Richard Monckton Milnes — afterward Lord Houghton — that in 1846, during the debates on the repeal of the Corn Laws, he came into the House of Commons — though, according to Disraeli, he had not a rural taste or accomplishment — 'in a squire's cut-away green coat, with basket buttons.' Disraeli adds: 'As he entered the House George Smythe exclaimed: "See Dickey, Protection's looking up."'

But when the frock-coat and silk hat were adopted as the proper morning-dress of a gentleman, the observance of this fashion in the House of Commons was held scarcely less sacred than the maintenance of any of the historic principles of the British Constitution. A breach of the conventions in regard to dress was not only resented by members generally as bad form, but it also brought the offender up against the authority of the Chair. If a member chose to ignore or defy the understanding as to dress, there was, of course, no order under which he could publicly be called to account. He might appear in a lounge suit and a soft hat, or a bowler, and the door-keepers of the House dare not refuse him admission. What usually happened was that the Speaker spoke privately to the offender, and this as a rule was sufficient to induce him to

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of Commons. At the opening of a new Parliament in 1892 it came on the head of Keir Hardie, the founder of the Independent Labor Party, a symbol of the social revolution, and was conducted in appropriate state, in a wagonette, accompanied by a big drum and several cornets and trombones playing Socialist tunes right up to the gates of New Palace Yard. I happened to see from the Reporters' Gallery the entrance of Keir Hardie into the Chamber and his reception by Mr. Peel — that most austere and commanding of Speakers. Hardie joined the throng of members on the floor, awaiting his turn to take the oath and sign the roll at the table. As the other members were almost all in the regulation morning-dress, and held in their hands the silk hat so scoffed at and derided by democracy, Keir Hardie made a very conspicuous figure in his fustian workman's clothes and deer-stalker — a cloth cap with flaps tied over the crown. Being a newcomer, he was perhaps unaware of the rule that a member must uncover when on his feet. Peel, however, regarded the wearing of the cap in the House as an intentional affront to the Chair. 'Take off that cap, sir!' he cried with asperity. 'How dare you stand covered in the presence of the Speaker?' Keir Hardie thereupon took off his cap. He explained afterward that in his opinion members of Parliament should come to Westminster just as simply as they went elsewhere, and, above all, should try, as far as possible, to be like those who sent them there. Soon afterward he took to wearing clothes of a better quality and a soft hat. An amusing experience helped him to appreciate the absurdity of pushing too far the convention of unconventionality. As he was passing through the gateway of New Palace Yard in his fustians and cap one of the policemen on duty laid his hand on his shoulder, saying: 'Hello, mate, what brings you here?' 'It 's all right, constable; I have a job here,' replied Keir Hardie. 'On the roof?' asked the constable. 'No, on the floor,' was Keir Hardie's response.

The rule that members should be covered while sitting in the Chamber or walking about its precincts was observed down to the assembling of the Liberal Parliament of 1906–10. The vast majority of the members were new to Westminster, — never before had such a sweeping change been made in the political composition of the House, — and as they were unacquainted with the habits and customs of the place they left their hats, with overcoats, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, in the cloakroom. How could they be expected to know of the existence of a rule in relation to hats which is not to be found in Standing Orders? Indeed, the new members thought it would be a breach of decorum to bring their hats into the Chamber, or, at the least, an act of impudence on the part of those so recently elected. Was it not natural for them to suppose that to wear one's hat in the presence of Mr. Speaker, if permitted at all, was a mark of distinction accorded only to old and honored members? They remembered that, by common usage outside Parliament, to sit or stand uncovered is an act of respect and deference. Many members continued to come to Westminister in tall hats, though they left their hats in the cloakroom. That may be said to have come to an end after the Great War. Bowlers and soft hats only are to be seen in the cloakroom, and in the Chamber every style of masculine dress but the frock-coat. Thus the time-honored spectacle of the House of Commons as an assembly of grave gentlemen all dressed alike in tall hats and frock-coats passed away in our time.

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NEW TYPES OF ENGLISH FICTION[1]

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

In this article I shall speak of only five or six writers, choosing those who seem to me representative. If I confine myself to young authors, it is not because I entertain the superstition that there is any progress in matters of art, but because it seems interesting to me to point out what French writers may learn from their contemporaries in England. Let us indicate the large outlines first.

This English generation is entirely emancipated from Victorianism. It finds in its new liberty a pleasure that we can scarcely imagine. Stendhal would have understood it better, because he too had suffered from restriction of thought. Intellectual England goes romping about like a young horse that has just been let out to pasture. It is now possible to speak freely of religion, love, and politics. All the barriers have been overleapt, some of them have been broken down, and the whole thing has been great fun. Aldous Huxley, in the charming first chapter of *Antic Hay*, shows that he takes a lively pleasure in alternating the reading of the Bible with the theory of Gumbril's Patent Small-Clothes. In certain matters Freudianism has furnished the Anglo-Saxon spirit with the mask it needed in order to speak freely. Under the label of 'sex' one can say many things that are forbidden under the label of 'love.' Joyce has liberated the English vocabulary. Proust has been translated. Henceforth freedom of thought and expression is greater in England than in France.

These emancipated spirits remain very English, and Miss Jane Harrison, in her delicious *Reminiscences of a Student's Life*, says: 'Up to the time when I came across Aunt Glegg in *The Mill on the Floss*, I did not know myself. I am Aunt Glegg! I say it reverently. Before the world, I wear the mask of courtesy and cosmopolitan culture; I have advanced ideas; I try to keep in contact with all modern movements; but at the bottom of it all is Aunt Glegg, a rigid and irrational conservative, bristling with prejudices, deeply rooted in her native soil.' This engaging confession might be made by all the youth of England. They are all 'Aunt Gleggs' in their new liberty; they keep their old prejudices, and enjoy their new audacity all the more keenly for being slightly frightened by it.

This irreligious generation gets its philosophical doctrine from scientists. Mr. Bertrand Russell, a brilliant and sombre mind, is its thinker. He teaches a scientific pessimism that forms an admirable background for a romantic literature. Fatalism is always poetic, whether it takes the form of an ancient Destiny predetermining the crimes of Œdipus or reveals itself in the insufficient secretion of the endocrine glands that determines the mistakes of a prime minister. This doctrine pictures the condition of humanity as that of a confused crowd of poor animals who think that they act freely, who suppose that they love, hate, judge, on

[1] From the *Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *March* 6

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their own responsibility, and who are in reality the toys of a few desperately simple physical and chemical laws. Science itself is deceptive. Humanity has painfully made the ascent of this steep mountain, only to discover on top — a wireless telephone. The philosophy of science is a tragic philosophy.

Such a pessimistic theory leads to a tender sympathy for men. This is true, in the first place, because one cannot keep from pitying these unfortunate animals who are always the victims of illusions without remedy, always committed to vain tasks that lead to nothing except death; and, in the second place, because scientific fatalism, by making all moral judgments absurd, imposes upon the writer an admirable impartiality with regard to his characters. Proust is an example of this among French writers, and E. M. Forster an example in England. When, in *A Passage to India*, Forster shows us Mohammedans, Hindus, and Anglo-Indians, he makes no effort to convince us that some are right and others wrong, that some are good and others bad, but that this is what men are like, and that is all. Forster describes them as he would describe beetles or lizards. He pities them tenderly for being men and because their inescapable actions bring about painful results that they have never intended or foreseen. Bertrand Russell himself concludes his *Icarus* on this note: 'In short, science is powerless. The essential thing is kind-heartedness.' Thus, by a curious detour, scientific naturalism and its moral nihilism give rise, in the best of the novelists, to a sort of sentimental mysticism.

This mysticism, this remarkable power of sympathy, seem to me to be the dominant qualities of novelists such as Forster, Virginia Woolf, Maurice Baring in *Cat's Cradle* — and, I will add, although he belongs to a preceding generation, Arnold Bennett, because I consider *Riceyman Steps* one of the youngest books in contemporary English literature. The treatment of character in the English novel of to-day relates it to the Russian novel, to Tolstoi, Dostoevskii, and especially to Chekhov — who is perhaps the greatest of all, and who is slowly taking his rightful place in England as well as in France. This does not mean that the English novelists are merely followers; they are different from the Russians in at least two important respects.

With the Russians, sympathy takes the form of a melancholy compassion; in the English novel this pity is always accompanied by a sense of the comic. At the same time that English writers observe the sufferings of men with a deep seriousness, they are capable of detaching themselves and looking at them from a distance, as from another planet. These human miseries then seem so small that the importance we give them becomes inevitably comic. This is the attitude of humor. 'I am a humorist,' says Pirandello, 'because I perceive at once the comic and the tragic side of things.'

The English novelist suffers for his heroes, but at the same time he keeps his mind free enough to understand that such sufferings are microscopic phenomena. With him, as with Proust and Flaubert, the Absolute of the Ego has gone to pieces. Certain of them, in order to give the human adventures they relate their real importance, project them into an absurd world. It is what Swift did and it is what David Garnett has done. The subject of *Lady into Fox* would be unbearably sad if it were not translated into the impossible. Humor is the only really civilized way of being sad.

Since the time when the great Russians were writing, a new current — as

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important as, for example, romanticism was — has been flowing across European literature. It seems as if the rapidity of modern life, the mixture in our minds of images that in reality are remote from each other, — a mixture produced by the swiftness of communication, by the telephone, by the cinema, by international information, — have made the brain of a man in 1926 function differently from that of a brain in 1913. Time and space have been disjointed. The whole world seems to be present in a single one of our gestures. America is a witness of life in Paris, and France a witness of life in Chicago. In France two excellent writers have been the first to express this quality of *ubiquity* in modern life — Jean Giraudoux and Paul Morand. In England, Virginia Woolf corresponds very closely to them.

With the great Russians, the unity of time and place was observed throughout the whole of any one scene. A scene took place at a certain spot, and was played by certain actors at a certain moment. With Virginia Woolf, it seems as if the point of view is always in motion, both along the axis of time and along the axis of space. It is not very clear how she does it, but she succeeds in making us feel that the whole universe, and even all the images of the past, are present in a single brief instant. There is nothing oppressive in the thought; on the contrary, she conveys to the reader an alert sympathy for what goes on about him. Everything becomes animated and interesting. He feels very vividly that the life of other beings is bound up with his own. He finds it possible to love them more and to wish to know what they are thinking and imagining. It would not be easy to say why, for Virginia Woolf explains nothing, assumes no end in life; but she makes us love life for its own sake, as a kind of melancholy comedy in which, against a white-and-purple background, the sunlight reveals little specks of dancing brightness like butterflies.

To sum up: In the first place, an absence of moral tendencies and a conception of the physical world that is scientific and pessimistic. In the second place, the writer, moved by the tragedy in that conception, inclines to a great pity for man, to a great sympathy for his period. Finally, that sympathy, being English, is mixed with a tender amusement. The mystic remains a humorist. This is how, at the present moment, the framework of intellectual England looks to a friendly foreign observer. The quality of the work inspires a deep admiration in him. The young English writers of to-day can work ahead with confidence. They are on the point of giving their country one of its great literary epochs.

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SEAN O'CASEY: AN APPRECIATION[1]

BY DENIS JOHNSTON

A DOZEN screaming women rushing from the pit and climbing upon the stage. A fierce and penetrating argument with the actors upon the merits and demerits of Morality, Patriotism, and the Virtues of Home Life. An attempt by a wild young man to pull down the curtain, followed by the sudden and precipitant descent over the footlights of that identical young man on the point of somebody's fist. Speeches from the gallery upon Death and Glory and the Immortality of the Soul. And the subsequent arrival of the police in force to restore order and to rescue Art from Demos.

These were some of the scenes which took place in the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin, on the fourth night of the first production of *The Plough and the Stars*, the latest work of Sean O'Casey, the author of *Juno and the Paycock*.

The name of Sean O'Casey is fast becoming well known to English playgoers, and much more will be heard of him before long; but a wonderment has often been expressed as to how the Dublin public could have been persuaded to stand his picture of it in *Juno and the Paycock* without protest. The reason is not far to seek. The Dublin public — or at any rate the more expressive section — has always been under the mistaken idea that *Juno* is a roaring comedy, and has in consequence been too busy with the roaring to protest.

The Plough and the Stars, however, is a larger and more difficult pill to swallow, and on the Thursday night, when Caliban had gazed upon his own features for one whole act with growing uneasiness, the storm burst with the consequences detailed above.

This play is an immense, heart-wrenching satire upon the folly of war and bloodshed, and centres in that epic period of modern Irish history, Easter Week 1916. Hardly had the curtain risen on the second act — a public house where patriots forgather — when suddenly the whole theatre was in a 'state of chassiss.' Women screamed and sang songs. Two young flappers blew a whistle violently until — most unfortunately — they blew the pea out and no amount of frantic repairing could restore the instrument to working order. A red-haired damsel in the gallery removed her shoes and flung them heatedly into the mêlée beneath. And above all, the voice of William Butler Yeats from the stage: 'You have disgraced yourselves again. Is this to be the ever-recurring celebration of the arrival of Irish genius? The news of this will go from country to country. The fame of O'Casey is born to-night. This is apotheosis.'

It was truly apotheosis — a scene that could have been witnessed only in that historic breeding-ground of great dramatists, the City of Dublin. It was to the serious-minded a disgraceful and disgusting scene, but nobody can deny that it was a sincere and spontaneous scene — a vibrant repetition of the tribute paid to prac-

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Conservative daily), *March* 11

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tically all the great masters of the past; and as such it must not be taken too seriously.

It could not have happened in England — although I do seem to remember a shrill female protest upon the last night of that sophisticated absurdity, *Fallen Angels*. But then, neither could England have produced such a play or such a playwright.

Sean O'Casey, whose tall angular figure, with its inseparable cloth cap, can be seen almost any evening leaning over the brass rail in the Abbey balcony, has been compared to many of his predecessors — to Chekhov and the Russians, to Benavente and the Mediterraneans, and, perhaps most of all, to the late lamented John M. Synge. It is a pity that this should be the case. Whenever we see a play where unusual and outrageous things are said, as sure as the night follows the day the critics will talk about Shaw. Let us have a play centring around the slums and the jails and the garbage heaps of the big cities, and, inevitably, we shall hear vague, consequential mutterings about the Russians. And an Abbey play, none the less, that is found to be filled with strange cynicisms and bitter self-examination will always be referred back to Synge, regardless of its tenor or even of its date.

The truth of the matter is that O'Casey cannot seriously be compared to any of these. Within the last ten years the world has experienced a cataclysm that has changed the face of nature, and Ireland herself has been turned from the wandering, soulful Cinderella goddess called Kathleen ni Houlihan into the clear-eyed, cynically bourgeois Free State, with its brave Board of Film Censors and its Shannon scheme. Against such divergent backgrounds no two theatres can be compared with any profit or success.

If Sean O'Casey is to be set in apposition to anybody, it must be to another of his post-war contemporaries — to Toller, to the fierce young iconoclasts of the Czechoslovakian stage, or to his American fellow countryman, Eugene O'Neill.

Like Toller, he is poet of the revolution, and his chiefest and only concern is the sordid misery of the common people. National flags, party shibboleths, religion, morality — everything pales into insignificance before this overwhelming sentiment. The surprising impartiality that we find in O'Casey's work is not founded upon an unbiased and judicial mind, but is due to the completeness with which this one supreme passion has driven out all lesser and inferior ones.

'I belong to only one club,' Mr. O'Casey announced rather defiantly one evening in the middle of Kildare Street, 'and that's Jim Larkin's trade-union.' He was referring to the International Workers of the World, the 'Wobblies' — call them what you will, but they embody the only ideal to which Sean O'Casey owes allegiance, and it seems to me that they are right wealthy therein, if in nothing else.

But unlike Toller, and like Eugene O'Neill, he claims to be a realist. This is a dangerous phrase. Since the war, realism on the stage has come to typify all the cynicisms of the new world, and to be associated with a sort of earth-bound pessimism wherein some 'Hairy Ape' is portrayed in the process of sinking lower and lower with the inevitable precision of a Tube lift. I have never quite been able to understand why realist drama must necessarily be slum drama, or why it is impossible to be photographic in Berkeley Square as well as in Shadwell. The Russians again, I suppose!

Suffice it to say that both O'Neill and O'Casey are masters of the orthodox

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slum-play, and outside of this both appear to have been unable to venture as yet. But this distinction must be drawn — that, whereas O'Neill has himself apparently nothing very much to say, O'Casey has most unmistakably a very great deal to say; that, whereas O'Neill in one of his latest and most elaborate plays, *Desire under the Elms*, has turned his genius to the portrayal of a theme based on sex, and on sex alone, O'Casey has never had time for such trivialities, and has never betrayed the slightest serious interest in this rather careworn and threadbare topic. Do not so far misunderstand me as to imagine that O'Casey has no interest in women. On the contrary, his interest in women is so profound that he might well be found guilty of Bretherton's famous charge against the whole Iberian race — that of matriarchy.

Certainly it is true that what little of human decency there is to be found in any of O'Casey's characters is to be found in his women alone. It is his Junos and his Bessies who carry the action to the heights to which it sometimes soars, and it is always the men who drag it down to its most sordid levels. It is the voices of the women alone that cry out, 'Blessed Mary, Mother of God, take away this murdering hate and give us some of thine own eternal love!' while the men never can rise above alcohol and the minor blasphemies. But the main theme of his action is never the sex theme, as with O'Neill. It is the human, sexless theme of Epic Drama.

O'Casey has never written for popularity. Rather the opposite. There is probably no man more surprised — yes, and even a little embarrassed — by the meteoric success of *Juno and the Paycock* than its unsophisticated author. And, as the reception of *The Plough and the Stars* now shows, he is becoming even more fearless in his disregard for the approval or disapproval of the crowd than ever he was. It is encouraging, too, to note that though his house may hiss and shout and to some extent pretend to be shocked, yet they come again, and will continue to do so, in spite of everything. And strange also as it may seem, the main opposition to his work comes not from the men whom he debases but from the women whom he glorifies. It was a women's row in Dublin, and a women's row almost entirely. It appears to be the romantic female, and not the sentimental male, who is goaded to fury at the state of nakedness in which O'Casey leaves his townspeople.

And yet Dublin as a whole does not seem to be ashamed of her nakedness or of her latest contribution to the international world of letters. Possibly it is because she knows that the only malady from which she suffers is not an Irish but a world disease. Or possibly because, with the originality of the Celt, she would rather be violent than smug.

As for her new prophet, it is becoming more and more clear that as a realist he is an impostor. He will tell you the name and address of the person who made each individual speech in any of his plays, but we are not deceived by his protestations. His dialogue is becoming a series of word-poems in dialect; his plots are disappearing and giving place to a form of undisguised expressionism under the stress of a genius that is much too insistent and far too pregnant with meaning to be bound by the four dismal walls of orthodox realism. It will be interesting to see how long in the future he will try to keep up so outrageous a pretense.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE FRENCH STAGE CENSURED

Critics like St. John Ervine and theatrical managers like Basil Deane have been complaining off and on all winter that the English stage of the moment has reached its nadir of mediocrity, uninventiveness, and tameness. Their jeremiads have had a ring not entirely discordant with those that Mr. Shaw used to thunder forth in his reviewing days back in the nineties, and, as that decade was followed by one in which such figures as Mr. Shaw, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, Sir James Barrie, and Mr. Ervine himself emerged, it is perhaps not unreasonable to expect that the English stage may be on the verge of another fruitful epoch.

At any rate, it appears now that the English stage is by no means the uncompanioned Cinderella of the European drama. Unsympathetic outsiders have more than once observed that the contemporary French theatre was the least animated scene in the whole cultural life of France — bustling and vigorous enough in the domain, for example, of the novel. These critics have objected to the monotony with which French playwrights continue to exploit a single subject, interesting and dramatic in itself, but in no sense the central subject of all human life. They have lamented similarly the willingness of many French playwrights to be content with the rather mechanical technique of dramatic writing worked out by authors like Sarcey at the end of the nineteenth century — believing as they do that many important values are sacrificed to mere technical adroitness.

No doubt there have been plenty of Frenchmen all along who have agreed, articulately or tacitly, with them. One of these detached spirits, M. William Speth, writing in the *Revue Mondiale*, takes his theatrical countrymen to task in good ringing Shavian terms. His immediate inspiration is a play by M. André Birabeau at the Potinière, entitled *Plaire* — 'To Please.' Without singling out this pleasant comedy for special chastisement, M. Speth cannot refrain from observing how emblematic its title is of the French theatre of today. To please, he says, — and to please at any cost, — seems to be its whole purpose. Everything serious, painful, important, must be banished from the boards in order that nothing may defeat the conspiracy between the playwright and the audience to see human life through rose-colored spectacles to the accompaniment of charming and empty music.

This decadence M. Speth attributes to the unwillingness of French audiences to watch patiently and appreciatively the efforts of young authors to work out a genuinely serious and responsible dramatic style. They exact of all plays a mature and expert finish that they would not think of expecting in all novels, and as a result there is no atmosphere for experiment. Under the circumstances, it is foreign authors of established reputation who attract the really cultivated playgoers.

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'Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* and the comedies of Pirandello were applauded throughout long and successful runs. Why don't French playwrights offer their audiences plays of comparable value? Who would dare to assert that there is n't a public in Paris and the provinces eager to see new, original, and serious work? Of course the "house" would frequently enough revolt — but what of that? For how long was the modernistic school of painters, now so triumphant, ridiculed and scouted? Yet the Picassos and the Utrillos stuck to their lasts, and now their confrères envy their fame and try to estimate their profits. But we should not forget that their success was purchased at the price of long years of disinterested labor; these artists loved their art, they believed in their genius, and they were willing to suffer and work in obscurity. As a result, they have created a new artistic mode that corresponds to the intellectual mood of our time.

'Our novelists too have given us books written in a difficult and unfamiliar style, and success has crowned the daring of Paul Morand, Joseph Delteil, and Francis Carco.

'Yet, while the painters and the novelists are creating new forms, the playwrights are marking time; to distract and flatter the public, they throw together their ingenuously perverse and excessively sentimental light comedies. They give us factitious and incomplete plays; their comedies recall the chromos and the very accomplished pictures that are sold at the great department stores to housewives who are looking round for hairbrushes, brooms — and an oil painting or two. Of course the reactionary type of artist, like the over-ingenious playwright, is lacking neither in talent nor in skill; he is witty and inventive enough; we only wish he were also courageous and persevering.'

STRACHEY, JOYCE, AND GREAT PROSE

WHAT is the chief quality by which a great prose style may be most surely recognized? Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in his preface to the new *Oxford Book of English Prose*, holds that the difference between verse and prose is that the cardinal virtue of the one is Love, of the other Persuasion — and that prose is greatest when it is most persuasive. This is a somewhat cloudy distinction, and an anonymous reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* protests that the difference is not one of purpose but of stylistic technique, quoting with approval the statement of a recent French critic: 'In prose each phrase creates for itself the law of its rhythm, while in verse each phrase creates for itself a personal reason for submitting to a law which already exists.'

The virtues of great prose, then, are not essentially dissimilar from those of great verse, according to this writer, and they are a matter of the use of language: a great prose-writer uses words that call up fresh and clear-cut images that correspond with a kind of sharp inevitability to the ideas or emotions he is recording. An inferior writer is content with words and phrases that suggest worn and familiar images, whether they correspond closely to his idea or not. To illustrate this distinction he quotes two passages — the first from Mr. Lytton Strachey, of course:

> When, two days previously, the news of the approaching end had been made public, astonished grief had swept over the country. It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things, and that they were about to lose her appeared a scarcely possible thought. She herself, as she lay

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blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her to be divested of all thinking — to have glided already, unawares, into oblivion. Yet, perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness, she had her thoughts, too. Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history — passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories.

The other passage is from Mr. James Joyce: —

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razor-shells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sand-flats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porter-bottle stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; further away chalk-scrawled back-doors, and on the higher beach a drying-line with two crucified shirts.

Without denying the virtue of clarity in the first of these passages, the *Times* reviewer points out how full it is of half-visualized or wholly unvisualized and reminiscent images: 'astonished grief,' 'the course of nature,' 'an indissoluble part,' 'divested of all thinking,' 'the secret chambers,' and 'the shadows of the past.' 'Now examine,' he says, 'the second passage: there is not a single phrase that does not evoke — that does not force the mind to evoke — the image it expresses. Art, after all, is a question of effect; and does anyone give a second thought to the death of Queen Victoria as our author has described it? But merely to read of Stephen Dedalus walking on the beach is to have come into contact with the vibrating reflex of an actual experience.'

A NEGLECTED ITALIAN PROUST

Is an elderly business-man in Trieste named Italo Svevo one of the great Italian writers of our generation? Is his comparative obscurity — though he published two novels in 1893 and 1898 respectively and a third, *Zeno's Conscience*, only in 1923 — an example of unmerited neglect scarcely paralleled in our time? Something like this is maintained by Mr. James Joyce, the author of *Ulysses*, who is a great student of the Italians, and also by two French critics, Valéry Larbaud and Benjamin Crémieux, to whose attention Mr. Joyce called the Italian's work. As might be expected from the literary doctrines of his sponsors, says Giulio Caprin in the *Corriere della Sera*, Italo Svevo is a laboriously analytical and psychological novelist, who has been strongly influenced by the theories of Freud and his followers.

'The incidents that Zeno relates from his own life are purposely commonplace and inconsequential; the author seems to shrink from any plan that would hold him to a central idea or preëstablished design. The book is a notable performance, no doubt, and throws light into obscure corners of our psychological mechanism. But, to do this, was it necessary to subject the reader to such a tiresome sequence of details without any relief? Has everything in life the same expressive value for art? To paint the tree as it is, must one outline every single leaf? Or may not this intention of perfect completeness be itself an illusion? Even the analysis that undertakes to preserve the continuity of life is forced to select its moments — only it selects them, if the expression be permitted, unselectively; for the artifice of constructive writers, the analytical writer substitutes another artifice and one that is frequently more tedious.'

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This judgment by one of his countrymen serves at least to indicate what are Italo Svevo's literary affiliations, and the reasons why he may very well become a favorite author of a generation that has made the reputation of Proust and of Mr. Joyce himself. Signor Caprin tells us enough of his third novel to suggest that it is at least worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with *À la recherche du temps perdu* and *Ulysses*, and if he objects that it is, in the stylistic sense, 'badly written,' that is no more severe a charge than has been brought against the other two authors by their French and English critics.

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THE STRATFORD THEATRE FIRE

THE only serious regret expressed in the British press for the loss of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford by fire was the regret uttered by the *Manchester Guardian* that it should have occurred on the day of the funeral of Sir Sidney Lee, — the biographer of Shakespeare, — who was thus denied the knowledge that an architectural *bête noire* had at last been laid in ashes. 'If fire from heaven had descended long ago and consumed it,' says this paper, 'the fact would have fortified Paley's famous "evidences" of design in the works of creation in the department of providential provision for practical art-criticism of the most caustic kind.'

'It was not a beautiful building,' says Mr. St. John Ervine more moderately in the *Observer;* 'indeed, an irreverent person once described its architectural style as "late Marzipan." Nor was it a convenient building. There seemed to be a great deal of it, but inside there was congestion of the most irritating sort; little space in which to work, and a lot of space wasted on decoration.' 'It will be generally admitted,' remarks the *Times*, 'that the new theatre might well be larger; and it could certainly be made safer and more comfortable.' There seems to be no uncertainty about the prompt rebuilding of the theatre, at any rate, and it is hoped that it will be ready for the birthday festival in 1927.

An inquiry conducted by the *Westminster Gazette* into the views of prominent theatrical persons on the nature of the new theatre brought to light considerable divergence of opinion. 'We want the most modern theatre possible,' said Mr. Henry Ainley, an eminent Shakespearean actor — in at least apparent conflict with Miss Sybil Thorndike, who said, 'I should like to see an Elizabethan theatre, with an apron stage, which would be interesting also as a monument.' Perhaps these views are reconciled by the pronouncement of Mr. Ernest Law, a trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace: 'It should be a thoroughly modern theatre, but Elizabethan in style.' Surely Mr. Law must have used the phrase 'in style' in a somewhat Pickwickian sense.

✠

ERNST TOLLER'S NEW PLAY

ERNST TOLLER has satirized the romantic attitude of the German nationalist bourgeoisie toward the old régime in a play entitled *Wotan Unbound*, written during his imprisonment and recently produced in Berlin. The hero is a sentimental barber who organizes a colonization movement of dissatisfied citizens with an imaginary Brazil as his goal, and after gathering a huge following is frustrated by the firm opposition of the actual Brazilian Government. This quixotic Figaro is then forced to appeal to the police for protection against the ire of his disenchanted followers. German critics have applauded the satirical vigor of the sketch, without admitting that Toller has outdone such other playwrights as Georg Kaiser and Carl Sternheim on their own ground.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Europa Year Book for 1926. Edited by Michael Farbman, Ramsay Muir, and Hugh F. Spender. London: Routledge; New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

[J. Ramsay MacDonald in the *Observer*]

THIS survey of Europe in 1925–1926 is worthy of a hearty welcome. Its scope is comprehensive, ranging from Finance and Debts to the Arts and Sciences, from Industrial Conditions to Disarmament problems, from the League of Nations to Trade-Unionism and Political Parties, from a 'Who's Who' for the European nations to calendars of the chief events that have happened in each; and the inclusion among its contributors of men like H. G. Wells, Nansen, Joseph Redlich, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Dr. Beneš is ample guaranty of authority.

The note is one of high hope and endeavor. The writers seem generally agreed that the future of Europe depends on whether the nations succeed or fail in organizing to secure peace. If they do, then Europe can continue to lead in human civilization, can continue at the head of the influences making for righteousness and social wisdom. But Europe's mind must be changed. Its power can no longer be of the nature of dominance, but of influence. With this in view, Russia, under the guidance not so much of the Soviets with their Communist administration as of the Third International with its revolutionary propaganda, is an impediment. European problems are not by any means all within European boundaries. The only Europe that has any meaning for practical statesmen is Europe in relation to the world. Asia therefore comes in, and the Pacific, and Africa. This is what enables a nation like Russia, actively engaged in a world propaganda of revolution, to thwart the best intentions of States and irritate their nerves.

The article by Dr. Beneš on 'The New Conditions in Central Europe and Their Significance' is the most important of those dealing with political details. Dr. Beneš defends the creation of independent nationalities carved out of the old military empires, and points out that their existence will render the policy of 'balance of power' abortive. While supporting that view, however, two reflections must be made. The first is that these States may form military alliances and become pawns in the game of large States; and the second, that the military coercion that the shattered empires had to use to keep unwilling subjects in subjection may have to be used, with all its evil consequences, by the small States, unless their borders are drawn as near as is humanly possible round acquiescing citizens, and also unless minority rights are strictly observed. The two succeeding articles on 'Austria and Europe' and 'Germany and Poland,' by Dr. Redlich and Hellmut von Gerlach respectively, are weighty footnotes to Dr. Beneš's chapter; and others on Finland, the Balkans, the Baltic States, and Ireland follow.

Some wise words on the League of Nations are written in the section devoted to that subject. The League must fail unless its spirit is observed, and that spirit is frankness and mutual confidence. If nations combine into groups in the League, if alliances determine votes, if logrolling is practised, if important nations withhold confidence and pick and choose what they are to carry out and what they are willing to impose on others but not on themselves, the League will only nurture conditions that will end in war. The paper on 'Italy and the League' is of consequence from this point of view, and the sections on disarmament are well done.

Then comes a set of exceptionally able articles on debts, reparations, and finance, a conspicuous contribution being that on 'The Dawes Plan in Operation,' by Sir Josiah Stamp. Many people still think of this agreement as being one merely to make Germany pay certain sums. It was far more than that, for among other things — like stabilizing currency and balancing the Budget — it was designed to test how reparations could be paid, if at all. Germany thus far has carried out its obligations, but it still remains to be seen how much and in what forms the Allies have to pay for the reparations they receive, and how much and on what side of the ledger the net receipts will be.

This is but a sampling of a book too full of concentrated meat to be reviewed from board to board. It is the first attempt, I believe, that has been made to give a summary, but sufficiently detailed, view of the social and political life of Europe to-day by masters of the various subjects, and no one dealing with, or interested in, the ebbing and flowing of European affairs can overlook it either as a guide or a book of reference.

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Echoes and Memories, by Bramwell Booth. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS is a distinctly pleasant and readable volume. It has just the kind of qualities that a reader likes to find in a book of reminiscences. It is brief; it is free from those minor but teasing inaccuracies that so often disfigure books of this class; its judgments are frank and shrewd, but they are never unkindly; and it is written with a picturesque vigor and vivacity that hold the reader from the first page to the last. Naturally, it has a good deal to say about the Salvation Army and its founders, William and Catherine Booth, and what it says will only serve to heighten still further the public regard for that remarkable movement and the character of the men who have led it. But Bramwell Booth is more than the General of the Salvation Army. He has moved about in a large world, — much larger than that in which most men live, — and he has kept eyes and ears open, so that there pass before us in these pages not only the hungry and homeless crowds for whom he has spent his strength, but all sorts and conditions of men — statesmen, bishops, judges, journalists — with whom his busy life has brought him into contact; and he has something interesting to tell us about most of them. Nevertheless Booth himself, with his unselfish shrewdness and that almost uncanny genius for fitting means to the end which has made the Salvation Army such a power, remains throughout the central figure.

The Sacred Giraffe, by Salvador de Madariaga. London: Martin Hopkinson. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THE reader who has the wit and the leisure to enjoy an elaborate but very recondite piece of humorous satire will find *The Sacred Giraffe* something very near a masterpiece of its kind. It is a book abounding in that peculiar spirit that Mr. Arthur Roberts, the comedian, used to call 'spoof.' It purports to be a posthumous work of Julio Arceval, a Spaniard, who was lost at sea some five years ago, after he had entrusted all his manuscripts to the gentleman whose name appears with his own upon the title-page. It is, in point of fact, a veiled satire on the life and literature of our own times, under the guise of an account of African civilization and tradition in the year 6922. Europe, it seems, was destroyed by a geological upheaval in the twenty-fifth century, and very few traces of European culture have survived in the province of Ebony, which is now the centre of civilization. But the reader will not have penetrated far into the records of Ebonite history before he discovers that the same problems are vexing that race that have vexed all other races since the world began. There are, it is true, certain radical changes. Woman is now the predominant sex, and her position is established by the native legend of the population of Ebony by the first Queen Eb, who descended from Heaven on the neck of the sacred giraffe. The husband takes the wife's name, with the prefix Mc, and stays at home, while the wife does the work. Yet, in spite of her glowing efficiency, woman makes all the old mistakes, and displays all the old prejudices. There is, indeed, a Dr. Shawa, who stands for commonsense, and is always against the general view; but what is one among so many? The rest debate and organize, quarrel and invent, but infallibility is not yet justified of its daughters. The record of this topsy-turvy microcosm is as witty a bit of fooling as we have read since the ironies of Samuel Butler were new to the world, and it is not unworthy to be mentioned as in the apostolic succession from *Erewhon*.

A Moment of Time, by Richard Hughes. London: Chatto and Windus. 7*s.*

[*London Mercury*]

MR. HUGHES'S book contains stories of all sorts: it is the book of a young writer trying to find out what he wants to do and what he can do. I do not know whether the writing of these pieces has given him the information he seeks, for he manages the comic, the tragic, the supernatural, the grotesque, and even the merely idyllic, with almost an equal facility. Perhaps he is at his best in what is presumably not a story at all — an account of a voyage to America in the steerage. Here a gift of humorous observation and a neat turn of phrase combine to produce good reading.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BARING, MAURICE. *Cat's Cradle.* Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. $4.00.

BENNETT, ARNOLD. *Riceyman Steps.* New York: George H. Doran Company, 1924. $2.50.

FORSTER, E. M. *A Passage to India.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1924. $2.50.

GARNETT, DAVID. *Lady into Fox.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923. $1.50.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS. *Antic Hay.* New York: George H. Doran Company, 1924. $2.00.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA. *Mrs. Dalloway.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. $2.50.

The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. Arranged by Charles Seymour. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.00.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Timotheus, or The Future of the Theatre, by Bonamy Dobrée. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. $1.00.

THE writers of the little volumes in the 'To-day and To-morrow' series belong to two groups — that of the forward-lookers, and that of the viewers-with-alarm. Mr. Dobrée belongs to the latter class, along with Mr. Bertrand Russell, and, if he fails to achieve Mr. Russell's spacious irony, he writes of the de-dramatized theatre of the future with a fantastic wittiness that has a force and a cogency of its own. With commendable astuteness, he has chosen to present his forecast in the form of a Wellsian narrative, cluttered with the familiar impedimenta of unlikely inventions and bizarre machines. In this guise his critique of contemporary tendencies has a persuasiveness it might lose if argued in more literal terms. Even in such terms it would be provocative.

Pygmalion, or The Doctor of the Future, by R. M. Wilson, M. B., Ch. B. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

THERE is a danger that this little book will fall into the hands of Mr. Bernard Shaw and provoke him to write a counterblast on *Hermes, or The Quack of the Future.* All Mr. Shaw's well-known — and perhaps partially justified — abuse of the medical profession is inexplicitly answered by Dr. Wilson's arresting and imaginative revelation of what modern medicine can do toward making a rich and healthy human existence possible. It is the kind of book, slight as it is, that lends a certain unreality to the perennial debate over the conflict between science and religion. It should be on the waiting-room tables of all reputable physicians.

Lolly Willowes, or The Loving Huntsman, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press, 1926. $2.00.

THIS volume passes in exquisite quiet — a quiet so extreme that in the early chapters it seems hardly worth while to give attention to it. From the beginning the story is composed in fastidiously beautiful English. Such homage to style is of itself enough to set the book in contrast to the age. Until Laura's revolt from her brother's family and her mystical return to the land, the book has little indeed that can engage even idle notice. The inaction is complete. The central personage seems to promise less and less by way of dramatic conflict, inward or external. But all this is in preparation for her choice of the earth and of solitude. And with her choice begins an evocation of the country, of the unique village of Great Mop whose citizens are all witches and warlocks, of beech-woods and meadows of cowslips — an evocation so imaginative that the senses respond in gratitude. The introduction of Laura's compact with the Loving Huntsman, the Devil, is artfully managed, and Laura as a witch gives the author opportunity to pursue an enigmatic symbol of revolt — or is it of salvation? Laura does not quite make clear to herself what significance the worship of Satan has. At least she frees it from the superstition of bed-blighting and cream-souring, and, spinster as she is, faces a night on the open hills unafraid, knowing that the Master will protect his own.

The Theory of Poetry, by Lascelles Abercrombie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926. $3.50.

THIS book consists of two series of lectures — the first series, *The Theory of Poetry,* delivered at the Universities of Liverpool and Leeds; the second, *The Idea of Great Poetry,* at Trinity College, Cambridge. In *The Theory of Poetry,* at the end of his discussion of the poetic art, Mr. Abercrombie says: 'Of poetry, we may indeed now venture to give a definition: it is the expression of imaginative experience, valued simply as such and significant simply as such, in . . . language which employs every available and appropriate device.' No doubt it is unfair that this definition should be removed from its context, but it may suggest to the reader the sort of satisfaction he is likely to obtain by reading what precedes and follows it. That this satisfaction should be very great it is hard to conceive. Mr. Abercrombie's ideas belong too much to the realm of professorial philosophy. His approach to poetry bears marks of a threadbare and verbal dialectic. Perhaps it may be said without too much smugness that his discussion means little in the present age.

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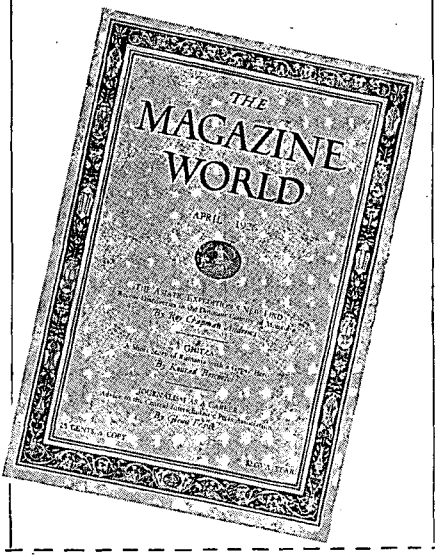

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